THE NEW HOSANNA

THE NEW HOSANNA

A BOOK OF

Songs and Hymns

FOR

The Sunday-school and The Home

NEW YORK
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by

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PREFACE

THE NEW HOSANNA is not intended as a substitute for THE HOSANNA, but as a companion to that collection which has been in use for many years in the Sunday-schools of the New Church, and is still doing good service. For this reason the present book repeats nothing that is in the older book, but gives other songs and hymns for Christmas and Easter and other festivals, and for general use. It is hoped that the new collection may become a favorite with the children, and prove useful both in the Sunday-school and in the home.

The book has been prepared by a committee of the American New-Church Sunday-school Association with the kind assistance of many friends of the Sunday-schools. The committee have given much thought to the selection of strong, wholesome material, and have brought into use many tunes and hymns which have become standards in other churches, but have hitherto been kept out of New-Church collections, mainly perhaps, for want of careful adaption of the words — a matter which has received earnest attention in the preparation of this book.

Another feature which will be appreciated is the large number of tuneful songs written expressly for this collection by several well-known composers who have generously contributed their compositions. We are indebted also to publishers and composers who have kindly given permission to use copyrighted songs.

PREFACE

Since the work on this book was begun two members of the committee have passed into the spiritual world: Mr. F. A. Dewson, who gave valuable advice as to the financial part of the undertaking, and Mr. O. B. Brown, to whom we are much indebted for assistance in collecting material, as well as for many songs composed expressly for this book.

MUSIC COMMITTEE

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THE NEW HOSANNA.

I. From Heaven above to Earth I Come.

CHRISTMAS.

MARTIN LUTHER. MARTIN LUTHER.

1. From heav'n above to earth I come To bear good news to ev-'ry home ;
2. To you, this night, is born a Child Of Ma - ry, cho - sen mother mild ;

Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, Where-of I now will say and sing.
This lit - tle Child, of low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.

3 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest !
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What shall we render, Lord, to Thee?

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep ;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song :

6 Glory to God in highest heav'n,
Who unto man His love hath giv'n !
While angels sing with pious mirth,
A glad New Year to all the earth.

2. The First Nowell.

CHRISTMAS. Traditional.

mf

1. The first Now-ell the an - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shining in the

shepherds, in fields as they lay, In fields where they lay keeping their
East be - yond them far, And to the earth it gave great

CHORUS. *ff*

sheep, On a cold win-ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now -
light, And so it con - tinued both day and night.

ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

3 And by the light of that same star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
CHO.—Nowell, etc.

4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right o'er the place where Jesus lay.
CHO.—Nowell, etc.

3. While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.

NAHUM TATE. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line,
3. Thus spake the ser - aph, and forthwith Ap-peared a shin-ing throng

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
The Sav-iour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;—
Of an - gels, prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their joy - ful song:—

"Fear not," said he,—for migh - ty dread Had seized their troubled mind,—
The heaven-ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played,
"All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;

"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.
All mean-ly wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid."
Good - will henceforth from heaven to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease!"

4. The Christmas Bells in Many a Clime.

CHRISTMAS.

FRANK D. JAMISON.

1. The Christmas bells in ma-ny a clime Their joyous peals are ring - ing, And sweet in cot and pal - ace chime The children's voi-ces
2. bless His birth who came to earth And in His cra-dle low - ly Re-ceived the ear-liest Christmas gifts, The Christchild pure and
3. while we strip these laden boughs Of all their shinning treas-ure, He from a - bove will look with love Up - on our harm-less

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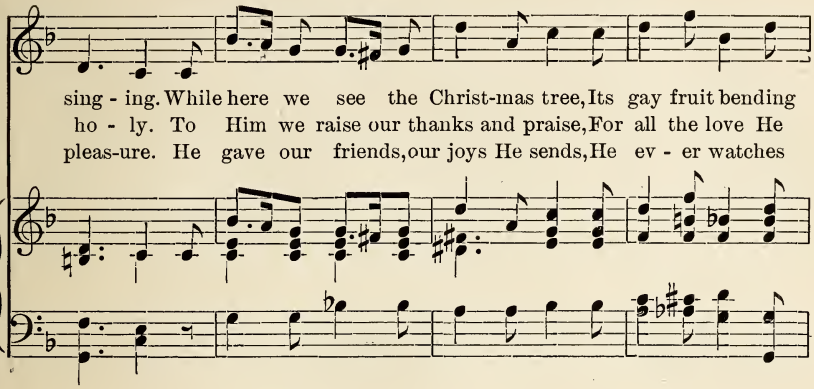
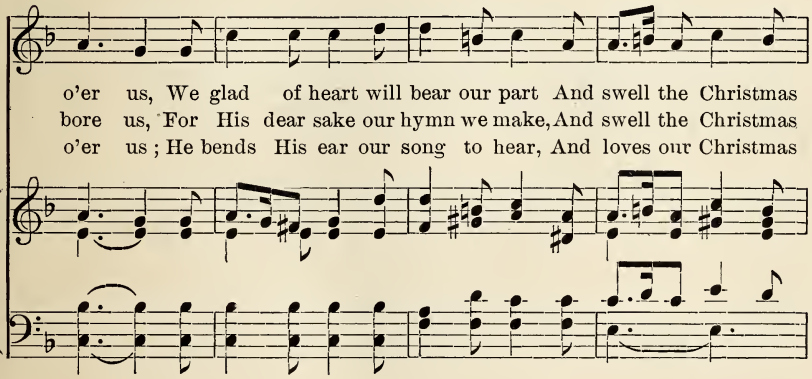
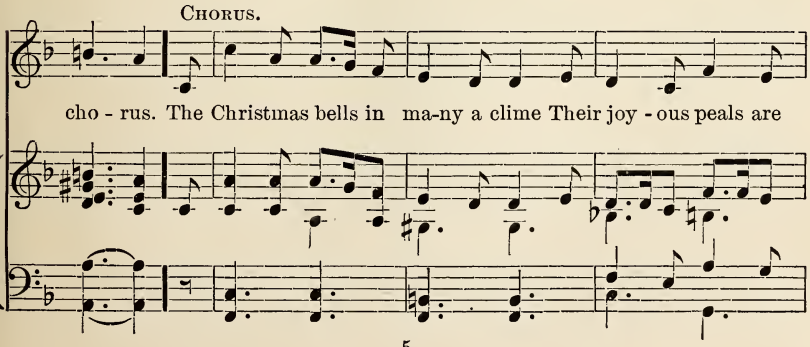
The Christmas Bells in Many a Clime.







The Christmas Bells in Many a Clime.

ring - ing, And sweet in cot and pal - ace chime The

FINE.

children's voi - ces sing - ing.

2. We
3. And

5. Sound Over All Waters.

CHRISTMAS.

J. G. WHITTIER. W. W. GILCHRIST.

With spirit.

1. Sound o - ver all wa-ters, reach out from all lands, Loud chorus of
2. Sing! bri - dal of na-tions, sing chorals of love; Ring out the war -
3. Cease, bu-gles of bat - tle; blow, bugles of peace; Long striving of

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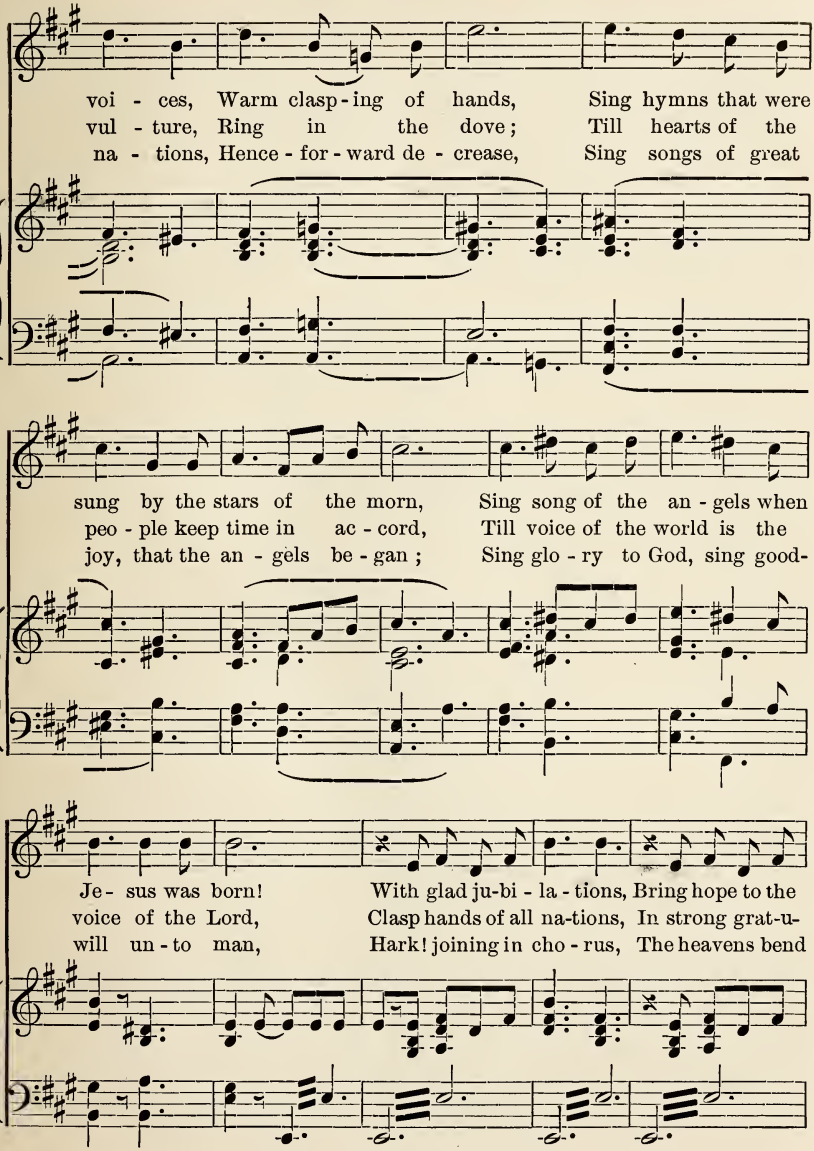
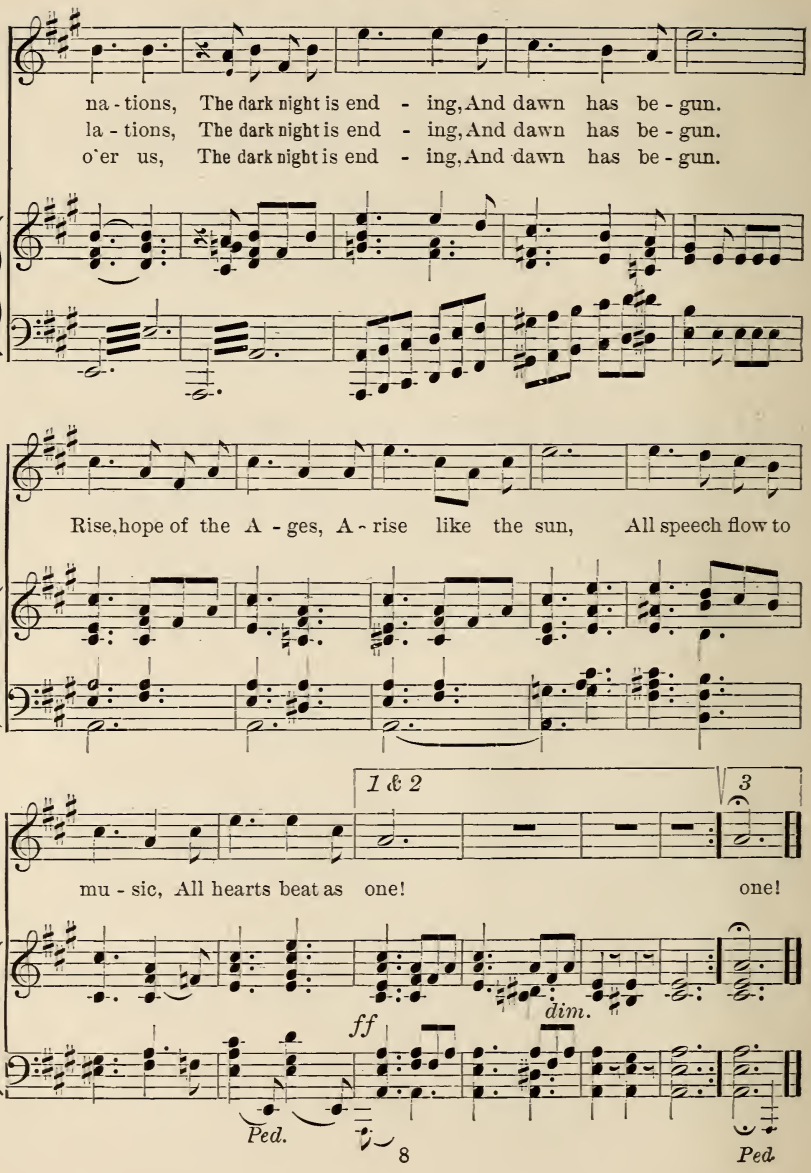
Sound Over All Waters.



Sound Over All Waters.



6. Come, Children, with Singing.

Rev. Frank Sewall.

1. Come, chil - dren, with sing - ing, With glad voi - ces ring - ing, Come
2. Re-peat the dear sto - ry How, leav - ing His glo - ry, The
3. See Ma - ry en - fold Him, While shep-herds be - hold Him, And
4. Rock, bells, in the stee - ple, Shout loud - ly, good peo - ple, And,

kneel to the Babe that in Beth-le-hem lies, While an-gels a-choir, . With
Hope of the A - ges came down to the earth, Oh, wor-ship Him low-ly, The
sa - ges are bent at His beau-ti - ful feet. Come, haste to a-dore Him, And,
chil-dren, oh, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing! O'er land and o'er o-cean, With

pin - ions of fire, . Are fill - ing with mu - sic the lis - ten - ing skies.
loft - y and ho- ly! Our Star of the Morn-ing shone out at His birth.
bow-ing be - fore Him, The Lord who re-deems you in rev - er-ence greet.
joy - ful com-mo-tion, Send forth the glad ti-dings that Je - sus is King!

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7. The Joyful Morn is Breaking.

BENJAMIN GOUGH. CHRISTMAS. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. The joy - ful morn is break - ing, The bright - est morn of earth,
2. High strains of praise are swell - ing From an - gel hosts on high,
3. His chil-dren's songs shall name Him In many a tongue to - day;

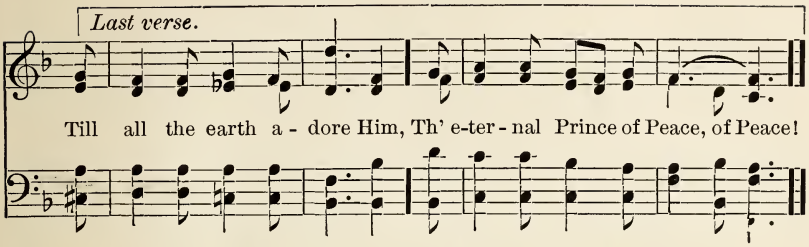
Thro' all cre - a - tion wak - ing The joy of Je - sus' birth.
And one soft voice is tell - ing Glad ti - dings from the sky;
His church shall yet pro - claim Him To peo - ple far a - way;

His star a - bove is glis-t'ning, Where Je - sus cra - dled lies,
Ti - dings of free sal - va - tion, Of peace on earth be - low;
Till i - dols fall be - fore Him, Till strife and wrong shall cease,

Verses 1 and 2.

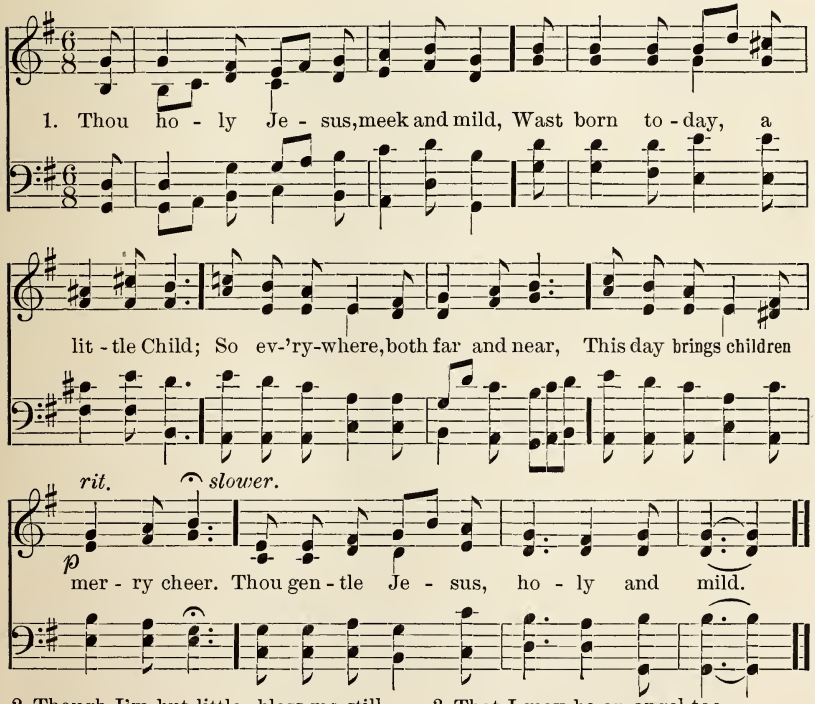
And all the earth is list- 'ning The car - ol of the skies.
Thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion The bless - ed word shall go!

The Joyful Morn is Breaking.



8. Thou Holy Jesus, Meek and Mild.

CHRISTMAS. C. REINECKE.



2 Though I'm but little, bless me still,
And guard my path from every ill:
Bath'd in Thy heavenly fountain clear,
Make my soul clean, Thou Saviour dear.
Thou gentle Jesus, holy and mild.

3 That I may be an angel too,
And only seek Thy will to do,
Grant me but this, dear Saviour mine,
To keep me humble, make me Thine!
Thou gentle Jesus, holy and mild.

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9. Ring Merrily.

CHRISTMAS.

J. W. Treadwell.

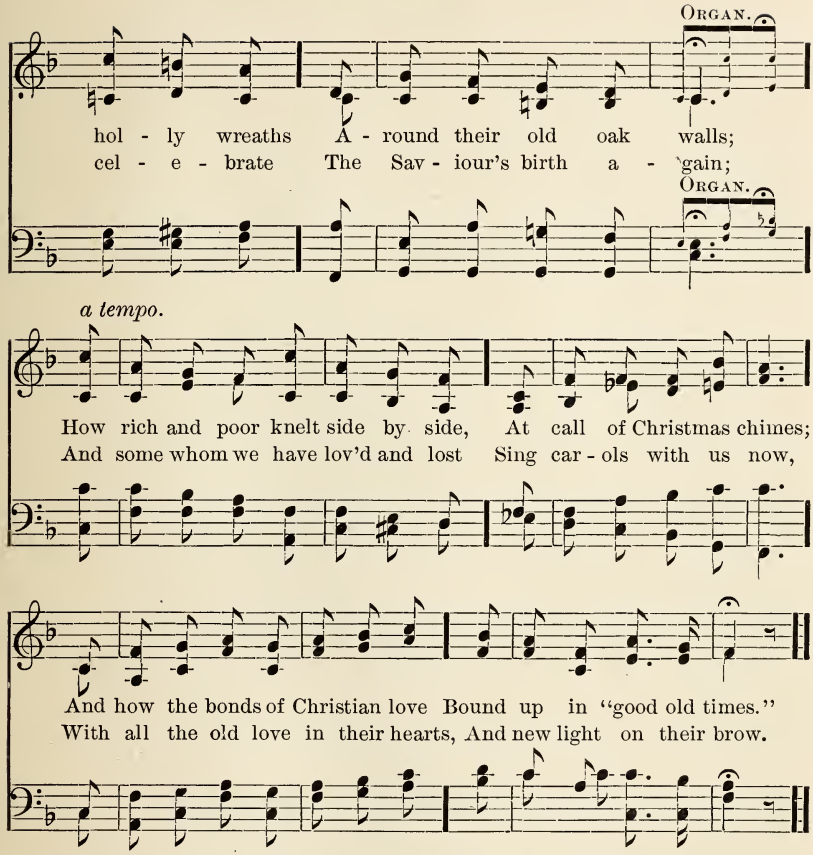
1. Ring mer - ri - ly! Ring mer- ri - ly! O hap - py Christ-mas bells;
2. Ring ten -der - ly! Ring ten-der - ly! O ho - ly Christ-mas bells;

And let us hear a - gain the tales Your mu - sic ev - er tells, . .
For ev - er with your earth-ly peal A heav'n-ly cho - rus swells, .

Your mu - sic ev - er tells:— How Christian men in oth - er days
A heav'n-ly cho - rus swells; The an - gels, who were first to bring

Made feast with - in their halls, Hung mis - tle - toe and
The wel - come news to men, Still join with us to

Ring Merrily.



3 Ring joyously! Ring joyously!
O blessed Christmas bells;
And show us of the future good
‖:Your welcome chime foretells.:‖
We know 't will be a mingled lot
Of pleasure, pain, and strife;
That thorns will cluster round the flowers,
Along our path of life;
But ye shall sing to us of hope;
Of help, of love untold;
Reminding us of that bright star
That tips our clouds with gold.

4 Ring merrily! Ring merrily!
O dear old Christmas bells,
And bring all holy blessings down
‖:From where all mercy dwells.:‖
Ring out your gentle messages,
As ye have done of old,
To help the weary and the sad,
The weaklings of the fold;
And tell again the cheering tale
Of Him who bore our woe;
And gave His own heart's life and love,
For breaking hearts below.

10. Carol We High, Carol We Low.

CHRISTMAS.

A. Redhead.

With spirit.

1. Car - ol we high, car - ol we low, Sweet - ly car - ol we
2. Car - ol of fields, where in the night Wake - ful shep-herds be -
3. Car - ol of how all on the hay He . . whom the an - gels
4. Car - ol we still— O it is sweet Thus the In - fant Di -

soft . . and slow; Car - ol we loud with the
held . a light; Heard with a - maze how in
told . . of, lay; Ten - der - ly cher - ished by
vine . to greet, Know that He loves us, feel

an - gel throng, Car - ol we joy - ful - ly all night long.
Beth - le - hem Je - sus, the Sav - iour, was born for them.
Ma - ry's love, Rev - 'rent - ly wor-shipped by hosts a - bove.
He is nigh, Though He is God who reign- eth on high.

11. Silent Night! Peaceful Night!

ALFRED BELL. CHRISTMAS. J. BARNBY.

1. Si - lent night! peace-ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light;
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light!

Si - lent night! peace-ful night; Thro' the dark-ness beams a light,
Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light!

Thro' the darkness beams a light! Yon - der, where they sweet vig - ils keep
Dark - ness flies and all is light! Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing,—

O'er the Babe, who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.
"Hal-le - lu-jah! hail the King! Je-sus Christ is here, Je-sus Christ is here!"

3 ‖:Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star! O, lend thy light!:‖
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
‖:Jesus Christ is here!:‖

4 ‖:Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! O, lend thy light!:‖
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
‖:Jesus Christ is here!:‖

12. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHRISTMAS.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to

mer-cy mild, God and sinners rec-on-cil'd! Joy-ful all ye nations, rise,
all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo-ry by,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in
Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.
sec-ond birth. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.

Organ Pedal.

13. There's a Song in the Air.

CHRISTMAS.

Dr. J. G. Holland. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. There's a song in the air, There's a star in the sky, There's a mother's deep pray'r,
2. There's a tu-mult of joy O'er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet Boy

And a Ba - by's low cry; And the star rains its fire while the
Is the Lord of the earth. And the star rains its fire while the

beau - ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Bethle - hem cra-dles a King.
beau - ti - ful sing, For the man-ger of Bethle - hem cra-dles a King.

3 In the light of the star
Lie the ages impearled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame while the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.

4 We rejoice in the light
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay, we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

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14. There Came a Little Child.

Emily E. S. Elliott. Robert Jackson.

Gracefully. *p* *cres.* *dim.*

Solo, or All the Sopranos. Chorus. Solo.

p

1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go; . . And the
2. Not far a-way, in a good - ly land, Fair and bright, Chil -
3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A Child was born. How He
4. He hath put on His kingly ap - par - el now, In that good-ly land, And He

p

cres. Chorus. *mf* Solo.

f

an - gels of God proclaimed His birth, High and low. . . Out
dren . of heaven in glo - ry stand, Robed in white; In
came all the sorrows of men to bear, And crown of thorn; And in
leads to where fountains of wa - ter flow, That cho - sen band. And for

f *mf*

Chorus. Solo.

f

in the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard; For they
white more pure than the spot-less snow, And their tongues u - nite In the
mor - tal weakness, in want and pain, He proved His love; . That the
ev - er - more in the robes so fair And un - de - filed, Those ran-

f

There Came a Little Child.

CHORUS.

knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord. .
psalm which the an - gels sang long a - go On Christ - mas night. .
chil - dren of earth might ev - er reign With Him a - bove. .
ran-somed chil-dren His praise de - clare Who was once a Child.

15. Hark! the Skies.

CHRISTMAS.

H. S. HERING.

1. Hark! the skies with mu - sic sound, Heav'nly glo- ry beams a-round;
2. Mor - tals, hail the glo-rious King, Rich-est in- cense cheerful bring;
3. Glo - ry, praise, and blessing be, Lord, our Sav-iour, un - to Thee;

"Christ is born," the an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the newborn King."
Praise and love In - man-uel's name, And His boundless grace proclaim.
Thee let heav'n and earth a-dore, God o'er all for- ev - er - more.

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16. O Christmas-Tide!

CHRISTMAS.

W. W. G. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. O Christ-mas-tide! O Christ-mas-tide! O hap - py, hap - py Christ-mas-tide,
2. Ring out ye bells! Ring out and tell That sweet old tale we love so well;
3. Ring out and tell it far and wide, By mountains and by o-cean's tide,

May all be - low, Thy blessings know, And in Thy heav'nly love a - bide.
Tell of that night, So fair and bright, Whereon the bless-ed birth be - fell;
What blessings high Are giv - en by The com-ing of one lit - tle Child.

Thy gifts are not for high or low, Thy joys in ev - 'ry chan - nel flow,
Where-on the star of heav'n-ly hue, Led sim - ple folk, and wise men too,
Ring out in - to the win - t'ry air, And ech-oes waft it ev - 'ry-where,

Be ours to sing it far and wide, How Christ was born at Christ-mas-tide.
To where the blessed Child was born; Ring out the hap-py Christ-mas morn!
How peace and love may now a-bide; Ring out the bless-ed Christ-mas-tide!

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17. Can There Be a Sweeter Story?

CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. L. M. Moorhead. H. S. Hering.

Slowly.

p

1. Can there be a sweet - er sto - ry, Told by min-strel's tongue or pen,
2. Hymns of joy proclaimed His coming; Hymns by hap - py an - gels sung;

How the Lord of light and glo - ry Came to dwell with sin - ful men?
Ne'er was heard such heav'nly mu-sic, Since cre - a-tion's work be - gun.

3 Sin and sorrow flee before it,
As it swells from shore to shore,
Till mankind shall grow more loving,
Hating, warring, nevermore.

4 Trust and faith in one another
Strengthen ever year by year;
Sweeter, kinder thoughts awaken,
As the Christmas time draws near.

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18. O Little Town of Bethlehem!

Bishop Phillips Brooks. CHRISTMAS. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath-ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won-drous gift is given;
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le-hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep, The si - lent stars go by.
While mor-tals sleep the an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love.
So God im-parts to hu - man hearts The bless-ings of His heaven.
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born to us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er - last - ing light,
O morn - ing stars, to - geth-er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear His com-ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re-ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

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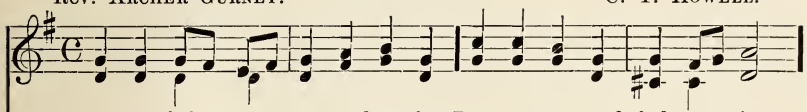
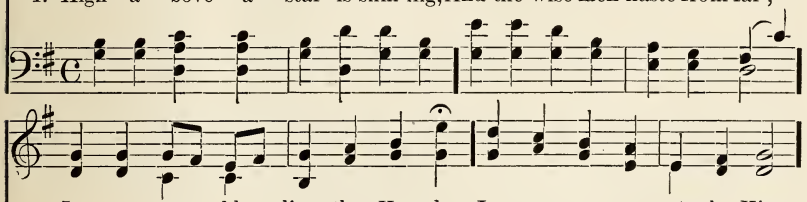
19. Come, Ye Lofty, Come, Ye Lowly.

CHRISTMAS.

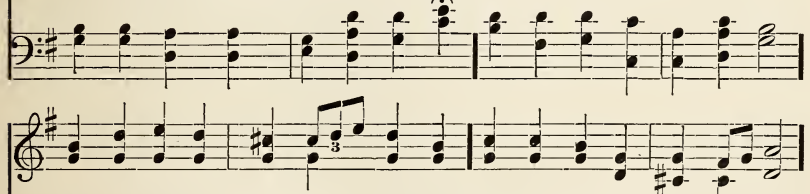
Rev. Archer Gurney. C. T. Howell.



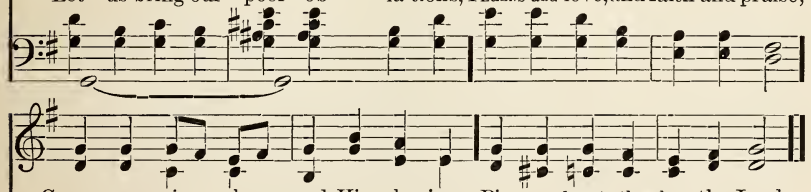
1. Come, ye lof - ty, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad - ness ring;
2. Come, ye poor, no pomp of sta-tion Robes the Child your hearts a - dore:
3. Come, ye chil - dren, blithe and merry, This one Child your mod - el make;
4. High a - bove a star is shin-ing, And the wise men haste from far;



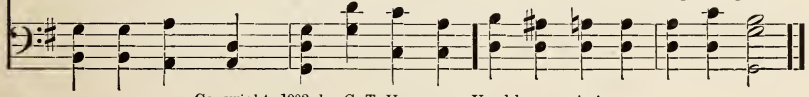
In a sta - ble lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King.
He, the Lord of all sal - va-tion, Shares your want, is weak and poor.
Christmas hol - ly, leaf and ber - ry, All be prized for His dear sake.
Come, glad hearts, and spir - its pin - ing, For you all has ris'n the star.



See in Ma-ry's arms re - pos - ing Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored;
Ox - en round a - bout be - hold them; Raft-ers nak-ed, cold and bare;
Come, ye gen - tle hearts, and ten - der, Come, ye spir - its, keen and bold;
Let us bring our poor ob - la-tions, Thanks and love, and faith and praise;



Come your cir - cle round Him clos-ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.
See the shep - herds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.
All in all your hom-age ren - der, Weak and mighty, young and old.
Come, ye peo - ple, come, ye na - tions! All in all draw nigh to gaze.



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20. O How Shall I Keep My Christmas?

CHRISTMAS.

Rev. John Westall. Rev. John Worcester.

1. "O how shall I keep my Christmas?" My heart whispered softly to me,
2. O cradled He was in a man-ger! For low-ly and poor was He,
3. In glo - ry the hosts of the angels Came singing His song of praise,
4. "O how shall I keep my Christmas?" As they kept it in heav-en above;

For I had been reading the sto - ry Of the Lord's na-tiv - i - ty; . .
Whose throne is the splendors of heav - en, Whose pow'r is in - fin - i - ty; . .
And fill-ing the heav'ns with their music In those wonder-ful old days: .
O keep it with peace and thanksgiving, And kind-liest deeds of love: .

And slow-ly and clearly be - fore me The words like pictures rise,
And He bore His cross to save us, To save us from death and sin,
Sing-ing "Glory to God in the highest!" And "Peace upon earth," and then
And share with the poor and need - y The joys which the Lord gives thee;

And the scenes ap-pear in the beau-ty Of the star - ry Syr-ian skies.
And He trod all a-lone the wine-press, To make us pure and clean.
The might - y cho-rus of voi - ces Peal'd forth, "Good-will to men!"
And thy heart shall keep with the angels, The Lord's na - tiv - i - ty.

21. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Rev. E. H. Sears. CHRISTMAS. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come With peaceful wings un-furled;
3. And ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
4. For lo, the days are hastening on, By pro-phet bards fore - told,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold.
And still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
Who toil a - long the climbing way With painful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all-gracious King,"—
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov'ring wing,
Look now, for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,

f

The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Babel-sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wea-ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song, Which now the an - gels sing.

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22. Like Silver Lamps.

CHRISTMAS.

W. Chatterton Dix. Dr. C. Steggal.

1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine,
2. A new - er Pow - er has come to earth,
3. Faith sees no lon - ger the sta - ble floor—

The stars are spark - ling bright; The bells of the cit - y of . .
A match for the ar-mies of hell; A Child is . . born that shall
The pavement of sapphire is there. The clear light of heav'n streams

God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was born to-night. The
con- quer the foe, And all the spir-its of e - vil quell; For
out to the world, And the an - gels of God are crowding the air, And

gloom is past and the morn at last Is com- ing with o- rient light.
Ma-ry's Son is the might- y One Whom the prophets of God fore- tell.
heav'n and earth, thro' the spotless birth, Are at peace on this night so fair.

23. What Child is This?

CHRISTMAS.

Old English Carol.

1. What Child is this who laid to rest, On Ma-ry's lap is sleep-ing?
2. So bring Him in-cense, gold, and myrrh, Come, peasant, king, to own Him;

Whom an-gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shepherds watch are keep-ing!
The King of kings sal - va - tion brings, Let lov - ing hearts enthrone Him.

ff *p*

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard, and an - gels sing;
Raise, raise the song on high, The Vir - gin sings her lul - la - by;

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.
Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!

24. The Virgin is Hushing Her Baby to Rest.

CHRISTMAS.

W. Chatterton Dix. J. Barnby.

1. The Vir - gin is hush - ing her Ba - by to
2. The Babe she is nurs - ing is come down to
3. See, Je - sus looks up in His moth - er's kind

rest, With "Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, beau - ti - ful
save, "O lul - la - by, lul - la - by, beau - ti - ful
face, "O lul - la - by, lul - la - by, beau - ti - ful

Child!" She press - es her won - der - ful Son to her
Child!" Poor sin - ners from dark - ness and pow'r of the
Child!" He smiles on that moth - er, the maid full of

breast; Right glad then now . . is she!
grave; Right glad then now . . is she!
grace; Right glad then now . . is she!

25. Last Night as in My Bed I Slept.

CHRISTMAS.

Old English.

1. Last night as in my bed I slept, When all my pray'rs were said, While still my guar-dian an - gel kept His watch a-bove my head, I heard his sweet voice car - ol-ling Full soft - ly in my ear A song for ev - 'ry child to sing, For all the world to hear.

2. "My - self and all the heav'n-ly host Were keep-ing watch of old, And saw the shepherds at their post, And all the sheep in fold. Then told we with a joy - ful cry The tid-ings of Christ's birth; Gave glo - ry un - to God on high, And peace to men on earth."

3. "He bowed to all His Fa - ther's will, And meek was He and low - ly; And year by year His tho'ts were still Most in-no-cent and ho - ly. He did not come to strive or cry, But ev - er from His birth Gave glo - ry un - to God on high, And peace to men on earth."

4. "Like Him be true, like Him be pure, Like Him be full of love; Seek not thine own, and so se - cure Thine own that is a - bove. And still when Christmas-tide draws nigh, Sing thou of Je - sus' birth; All glo - ry be to God on high, And peace to men on earth."

26. From Far Away.

Old English. CHRISTMAS. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. From far a - way we come to you, Sing "Glo - ry to God" a -
2. Out in the fold when night was deep, Sing "Glo - ry to God" a -
3. Ye shep-herds, tell what did you see, Sing "Glo - ry to God" a -

gain and a - gain, To tell of great ti - dings strange and true,
gain and a - gain, Some shep - herds lay a - tend - ing their sheep,
gain and a - gain, To make you so full of joy and glee?

1st four verses.

"Peace up-on earth, good-will to men, Peace up-on earth, good-will to men."

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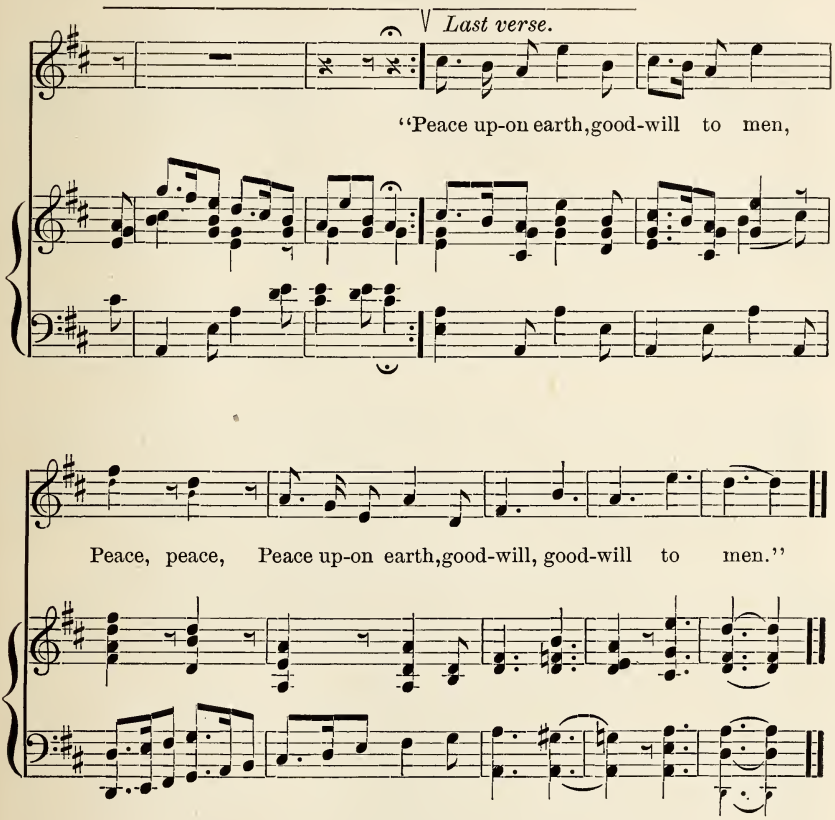
From Far Away.



4 In an ox-stall did we behold,
Sing "Glory to God" again and again,
The Child whose coming the prophets told,
"Peace upon earth, good-will to men,
Good-will to men."

5 This is the joyful news we bring,
Sing "Glory to God" again and again,
Let all join in the song we sing,
"Peace upon earth, good-will to men,
Good-will to men."

27. Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

CHRISTMAS.

BISHOP HEBER. W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with

dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho -
head with the beasts of the stall: An - gels a - dore Him in
E - dom and of - f'rings Di - vine, Gems of the moun-tain and
gifts would His fa - vor se - cure: Rich - er by far is the

ri - zon a - dorning. Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.
slum - ber re - clin - ing Ma - ker and Monarch and Sav-iour of all.
pearls of the o -cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

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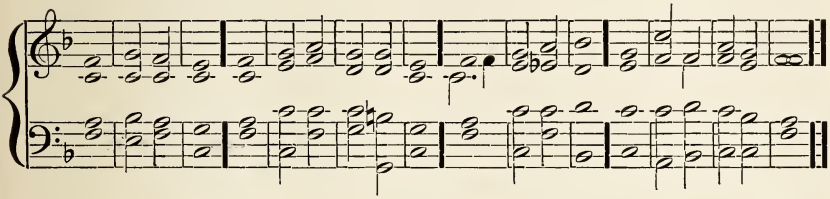
28. And in the Same Country Were Shepherds Abiding in the Field.

CHRISTMAS.

Luke ii : 8–14. G. J. Webb.



1 And in the same country were shep*herds* a- | biding . in the | field,
Keeping *watch* | over their | flock by | night.

2 And lo! the angel of the | Lord . came up- | on them,
And the glo*ry* of the | Lord shone | round a- | bout them,

3 And *they* were | sore a- | fraid,
And the an*gel* | said . unto | them, fear | not,

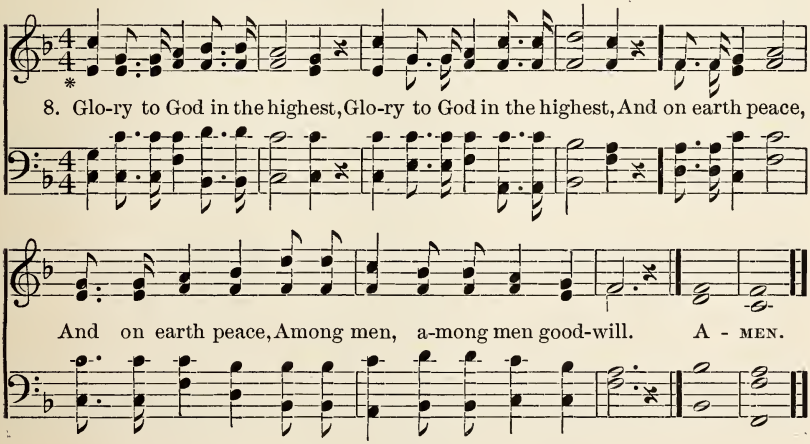
4 For behold, I bring *you* good | tidings . of great | joy,
Which shall | be to | all— | people.

5 For to you in the city of Da*vid* is | born this | day
A Sav*iour*, | who is | Christ the | Lord.

6 And this shall be a | sign . unto | you :
Ye shall find the Babe, wrapped in swaddling *clothes*, | lying | in a | manger.

7 And sudden*ly* there | was . with the | angel
A multitude of the heavenly *host* | praising | God and | saying,

* { 8 Glo*ry* to | God . in the | highest,
And on *earth* | peace, among | men good | will.



29. Standing at the Portal of the Opening Year.

THE NEW YEAR.

F. R. Havergal. Arthur H. Mann.

1. Stand-ing at the por-tal Of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us,
2. "I, the Lord, am with thee, Be thou not a-fraid; I will help and strengthen,
3. He will never fail us, He will not forsake; His e-ter-nal cov-'nant

Hush-ing ev - 'ry fear; Spoken thro' the si-lence By our Father's voice,
Be thou not dismayed. Yea, I will up - hold thee With my own right hand;
He will nev - er break. Resting on His promise, What have we to fear?

Ten-der, strong, and faithful, Making us re-joice. On-ward, then, and fear not,
Thou art called and chos-en, In my sight to stand." On-ward, then, and fear not,
God is all-suf - fi - cient For the coming year. On-ward, then, and fear not,

Chil-dren of the day; For His word shall nev-er, Nev - er pass a - way.

30. From Glory unto Glory.

THE NEW YEAR.

F. R. Havergal. B. Tours.

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy-ous song;
2. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What great things He hath done,
3. And clos - er yet and clos - er the gold - en bonds shall be,
4. Thus on-ward, ev - er on - ward, from strength to strength we go,

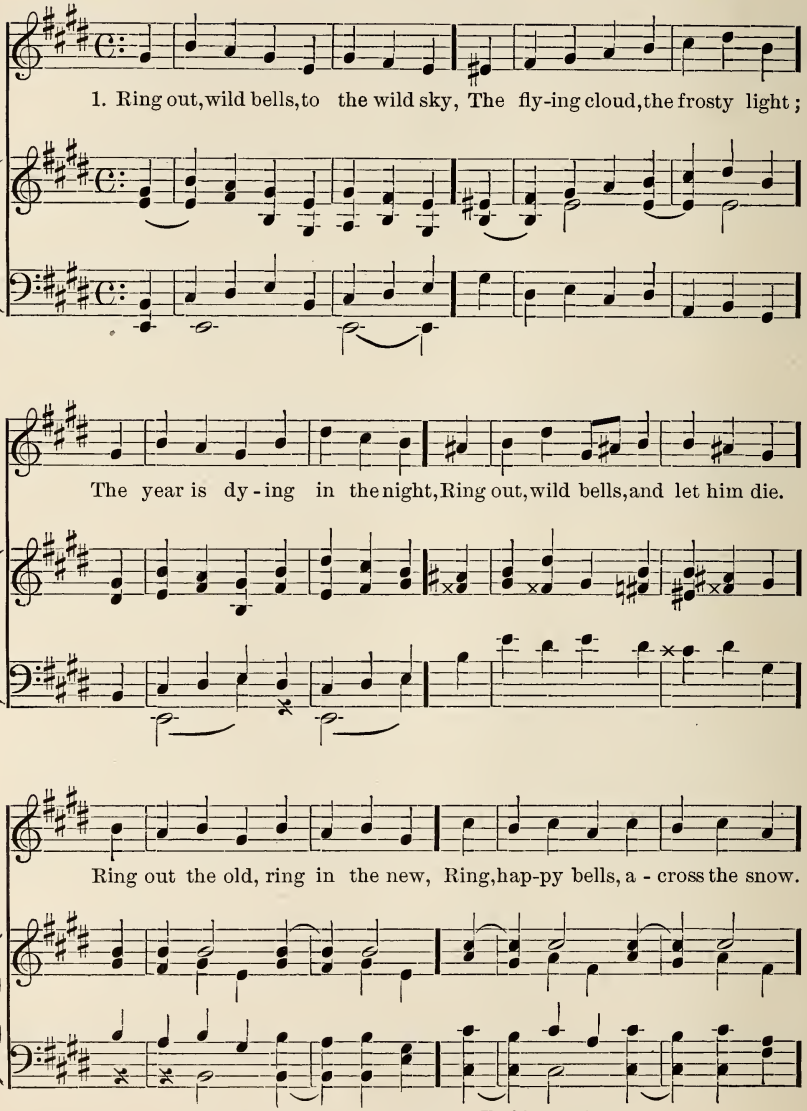
As on the King's own high-way, we brave - ly march a - long.
What won-ders He hath shown us, what tri - umphs He hath won!
Unit - ing all who love our Lord in pure sin - cer - i - ty;
While grace from grace abun-dant-ly shall from His ful - ness flow,

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What might-y bless-ings crown
And wid - er yet and wid - er shall the circling glo - ry glow,
To glo - ry's full fru - i - tion, from glo - ry's fore-taste here,

As dawns the sol - emn brightness of an - oth - er glad New Year.
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so free - ly down!
As more and more are taught of God that might-y love to know.
Un - til His ver - y pres-ence crown our hap - pi - est New Year.

31. Ring Out, Wild Bells.

TENNYSON. THE NEW YEAR. W. W. GILCHRIST.



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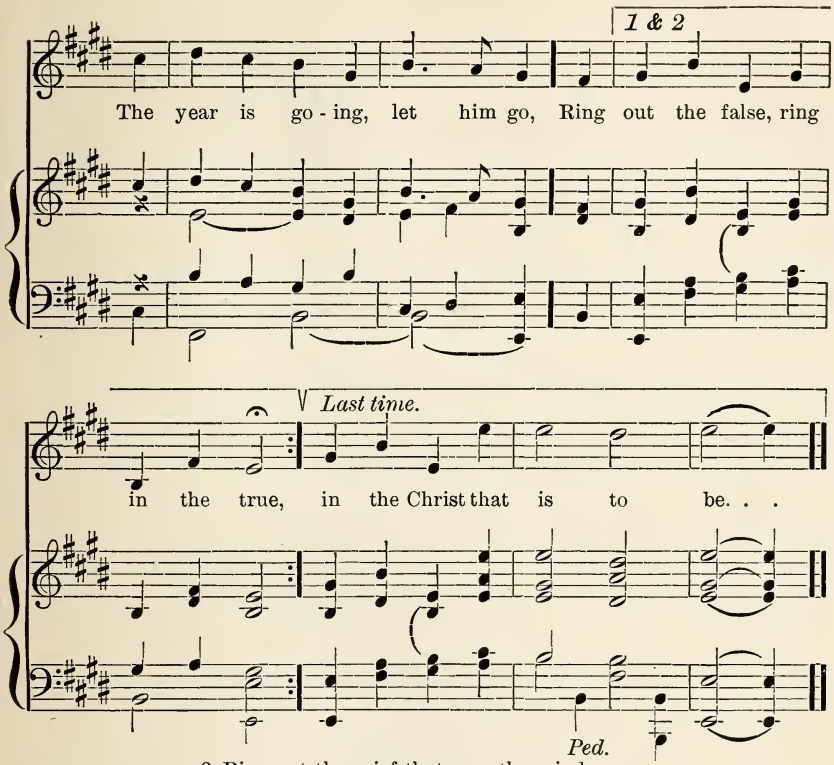
Ring Out, Wild Bells.



2 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress for all mankind.
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

3 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

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32. Ride on! Ride on!

PALM SUNDAY.

Rev. H. H. Milman. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark!
2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In

all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O Sav - iour meek, pur -
low - ly pomp ride on to die: O Christ, Thy tri-umphs

sue Thy road With palms and scat - ter'd gar - ments strow'd.
now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The hosts of heaven from the sky
Look down in wonder now to see
Thy conflict and Thy victory.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

33. Hosanna, Loud Hosanna!

PALM SUNDAY. W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. Ho - san-na, loud ho - san - na! The lit - tle chil-dren sang:
2. From Ol - i - vet they fol - low'd, 'Midst an ex - ult-ant crowd,
3. Fair leaves of sil - v'ry ol - ive They strew'd up-on the ground,
4. "Ho - san-na in the high - est!" That ancient song we sing,

Thro' pil-lar'd court and tem - ple The love-ly an - them rang;
Wav - ing the vic - tor palm branch, And shouting clear and loud;
Whilst Sa-lem's cir-cling moun - tains Ech - oed the joy - ful sound;
For Christ is our Re - deem - er, The Lord of heav'n our King;

To Je - sus who had blessed them, Close fold-ed to His breast,
Bright an-gels join'd the cho - rus, Be - yond the cloudless sky —
The Lord of men and an - gels Rode on in low - ly state,
Oh! may we ev - er praise Him, With heart, and life, and voice,

The chil-dren sang their prais - es, The simplest and the best.
"Ho - san - na in the high - est: Glo - ry to God on high!"
Nor scorn'd that lit - tle chil - dren Should on His bid - ding wait.
And in His bliss-ful pres - ence E - ter - nal - ly re - joice!

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34. Jesus Christ is Risen Today.

F. W. Faber. EASTER. Anon.

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. But the strife which He en - dured, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Our triumph-ant ho - ly day; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Un - to Christ, our heav'nly King, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our sal - va - tion has pro - cured; Al - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross Al - - le - lu - ia!
Who en-dured the cross and grave, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Now a - bove the sky He's King, Al - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - le - lu - ia!

35. On Wings of Living Light.

BISHOP HOW. EASTER. J. BARNBY.

1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day,

Came down the an - gels bright, And rolled the stone a - way.

Your voi-ces raise With one ac-cord To bless and praise Your ris - en Lord.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.
Your voices raise, etc.

4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise :
See, how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies !
Your voices raise, etc.

5 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.
Your voices raise, etc.

36. Come, Children, One and All.

EASTER. H. S. HERING.

1. Come, chil - dren, one and all, . . Our Eas - ter car - ol sing, And with the birds and flow - ers, Our
2. For Christ has risen to - day, . . The Sun - day of the year; Then with glad hearts we'll raise . . . Our
3. We know it was for us . . Our Sav - iour rose to - day; As - cend - ing first to heaven . . . He
4. Then let us all to - day, . . Our Eas - ter an-thems raise, And join the an - gel choirs, . . . In

CHORUS.

heart's pure in - cense bring. Birds are sing - ing, voi - ces bright and clear. Buds are springing, Ev - 'ry - thing is gay, With
said, "I am the way." hymn-ing forth His praise.

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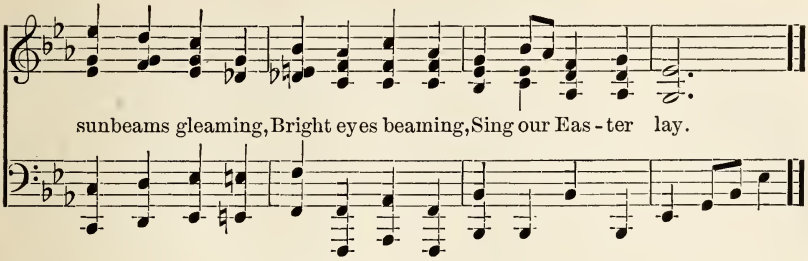
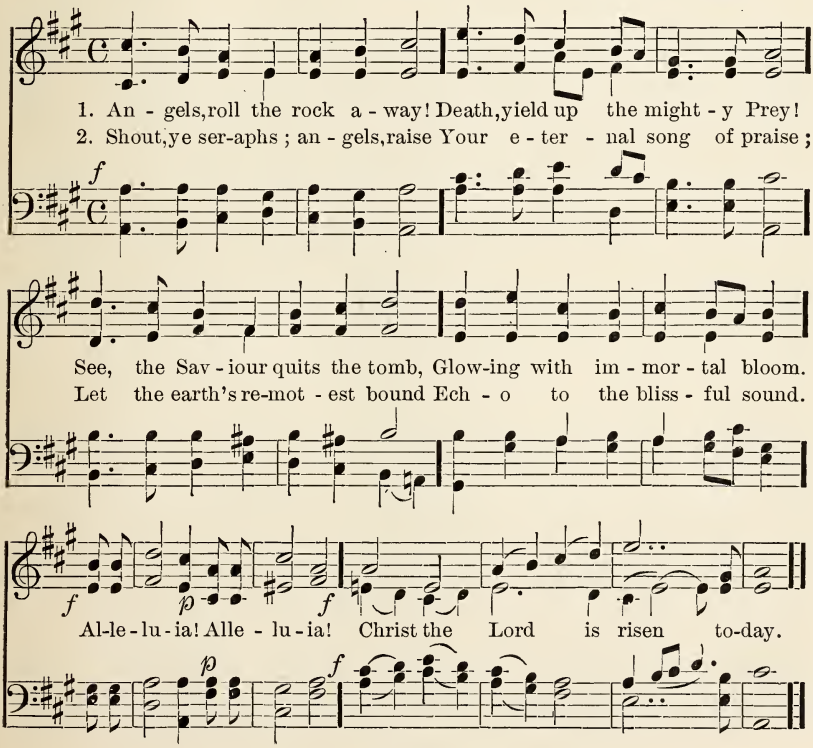
Come, Children, One and All.



37. Angels, Roll the Rock Away.

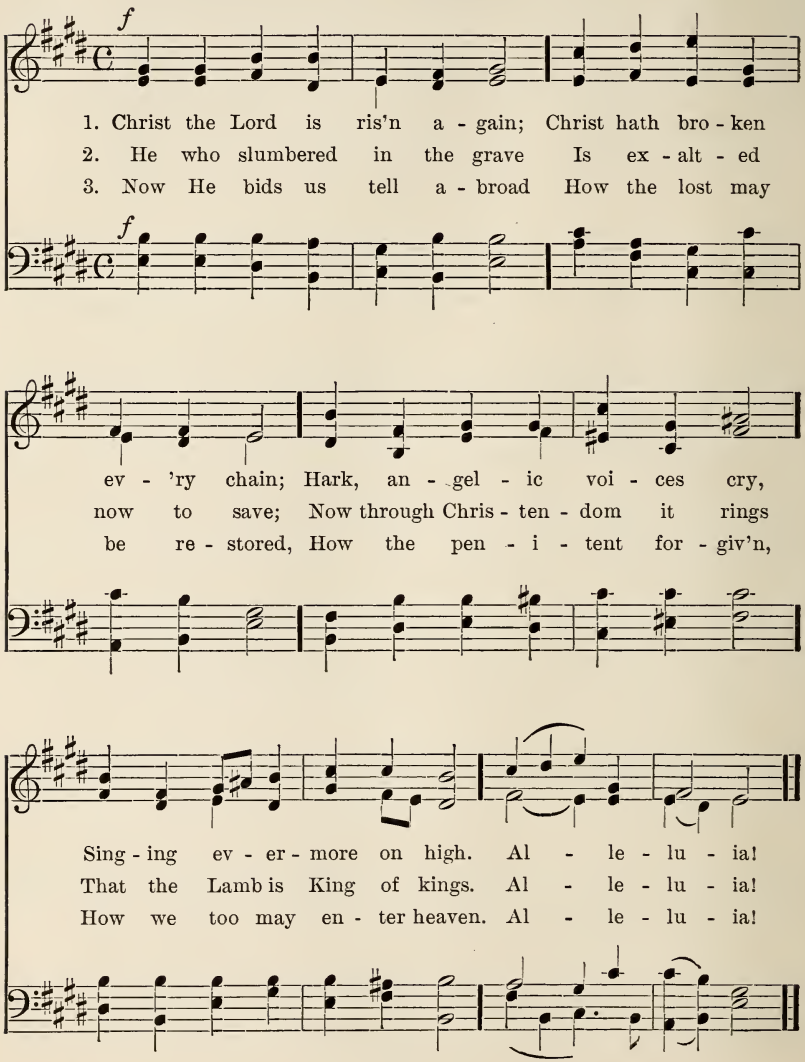
EASTER.

T. Scott. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



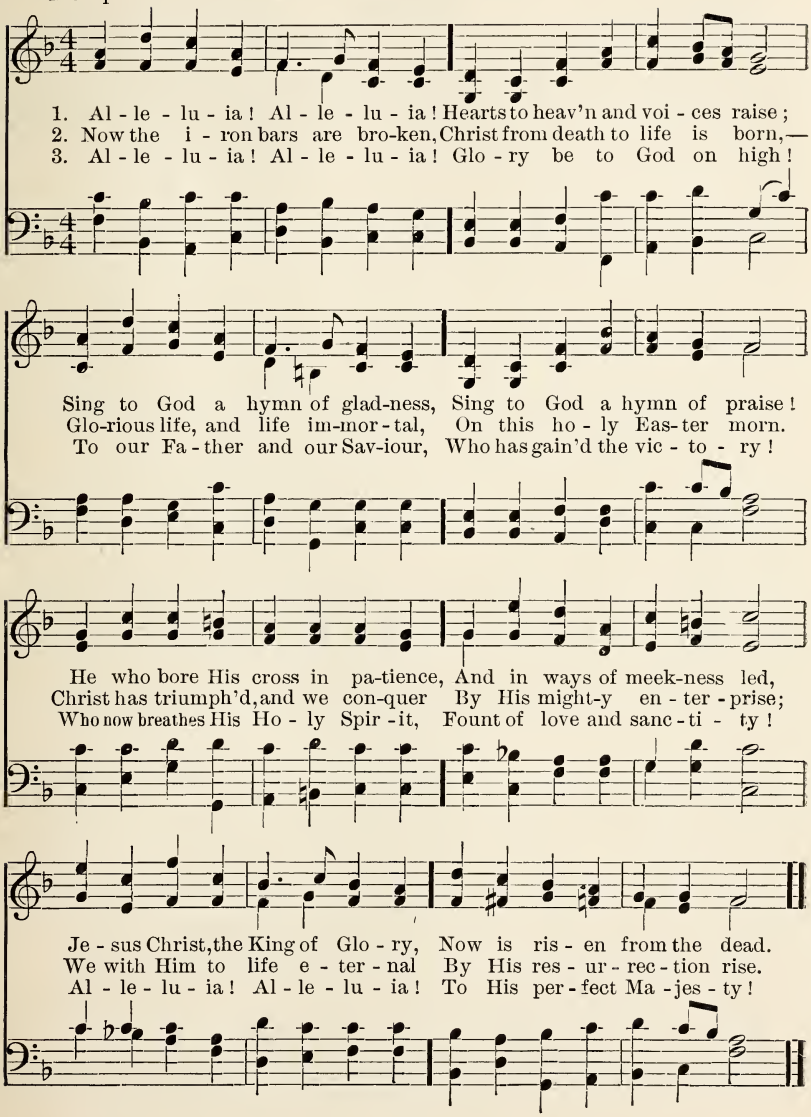
38 Christ the Lord is Risen Again!

Rev. M. Weisse. EASTER. German.



39. Alleluia! Alleluia!

Bishop C. Wordsworth. EASTER. H. Smart.



40. The Day of Resurrection!

Greek, 8th Century. EASTER. H. Smart.

1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad!
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin!

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light;
Let the round world keep tri - umph, And all that is there - in:

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
And list'-ning to His ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,
In - vis - i - ble and vis - i - ble, Their notes let all things blend;

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
His own "All-hail!"—and hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor - strain.
For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our joy that hath no end!

41. The Strife is O'er.

EASTER.

From the Latin. From PALESTRINA.

1. Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! The strife is
2. Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! The pow'rs of

f

Org.

o'er, the bat - tle done, The tri-umph of the Lord is won ;
death have done their worst, And Je - sus hath His foes dis-persed ;

O let the song of praise be sung. Al - le - lu - ia !
Let shouts of praise and joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia !

3 On this third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain. Alleluia !

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell. Alleluia !

42. Hosanna, be the Children's Song.

EASTER.

Anon. Anon.

1. Ho - san-na, be the children's song To Christ, the children's King;
2. Ho - san-na, sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain:

His praise to whom their souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.
While, loud-er, sweet-er, clear-er still, Woods ech - o to the strain.

3 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

4 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

43. Children, Hear, and Tell Me Pray.

Rev. James Reed. EASTER. O. B. Brown.

1. Chil-dren, hear, and tell me pray, Why our hearts are glad to-day. Gone are
2. Oth-er rea - son have we none, Save the shining of the sun? Yes, the
3. Hear you not an-oth-er voice, Bid-ding all your hearts rejoice? Yes, to -
4. An-swer, chil-dren, once a-gain, What is this great gift to men? Life for -

Gone are

all the shades of night, And the world is full of
brooks be - gin to flow, On their banks the wild flow'rs
day our ris - en Lord, Speak-ing by His ho - ly
ev - er from a - bove, Life that springs from pur-est

all the shades of night. And the world is full of

verses 1, 2, 3.

light; Cold and win - try days are past, And the
blow; Birds with mu - sic fill the air, Life and
Word, Says, "Let all things that have breath, Sing a -
love; He is love, and you and I, . .

light;

For the last verse.

spring is here at last.
joy are ev - 'ry - where.
loud, there is no death!" Joined to Him shall nev - er die.

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44. Easter Flowers are Blooming Bright.

EASTER. O. B. Brown.

1. Eas-ter flow'rs are blooming bright, Eas-ter skies pour ra - diant light,
2. He then born to grief and pain, Now to glo - ry born a - gain,

Christ the Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est.
Call - eth forth our glad - est strain, Glo - ry in the high - est.

An - gels car - olled this sweet lay, When in man - ger rude He lay,
As He ris - eth, rise we too, Tune we heart and voice a - new,

Now once more cast grief a - way, Glo - ry in the high - est.
Of - f'ring hom-age glad a - new, Glo - ry in the high - est.

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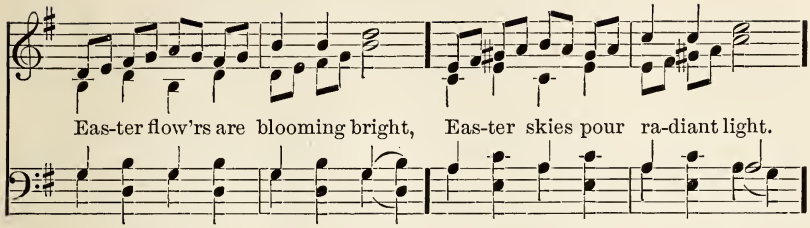
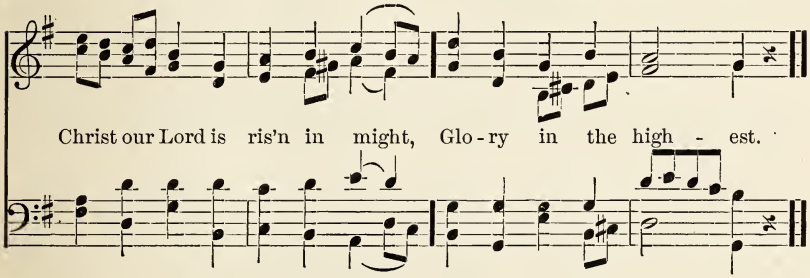
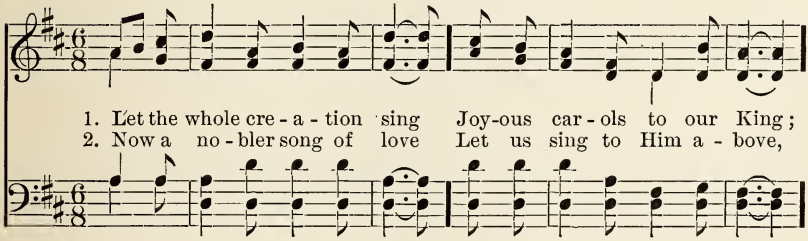
Easter Flowers are Blooming Bright.

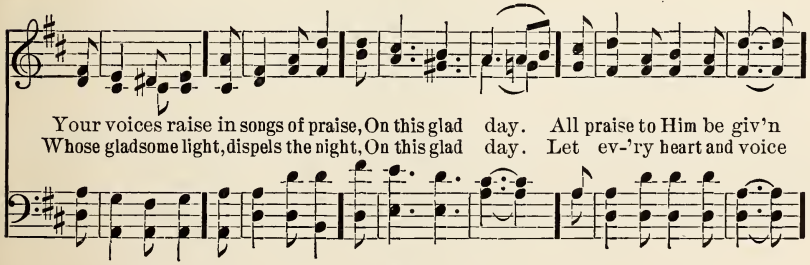




45. Let the Whole Creation Sing.

EASTER. Arr. from B. Richards.





Let the Whole Creation Sing.

For the hope He gives of heav'n, For life and love that come to us
In this hap - py hour re - joice; The earth now stirs with glad-ness,

FINE. CHORUS.

This Eas-ter morn. Gone the night! The world is fill'd with light,
Death's no more king.

For He hath ris'n in-deed, and we no more shall mourn. He rose, He rose,

f

D. C.

In triumph o'er our foes, For us the Lord of life a-rose This Eas-ter morn.

46. Come, Ye Faithful.

Rev. J. M. Neale. EASTER. H. S. Hering.

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umphant glad - ness!
2. 'T is the spring of souls to - day; Christ has burst His pris - on,
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,

God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,—
From the frost and gloom of death Light and life have ris - en.
With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der;

Loosed from Pharoah's bit - ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters,—
All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion

Led them with un-moist-en'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.
From His light to whom we give Thanks and praise un - dy - ing.
Welcomes in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.

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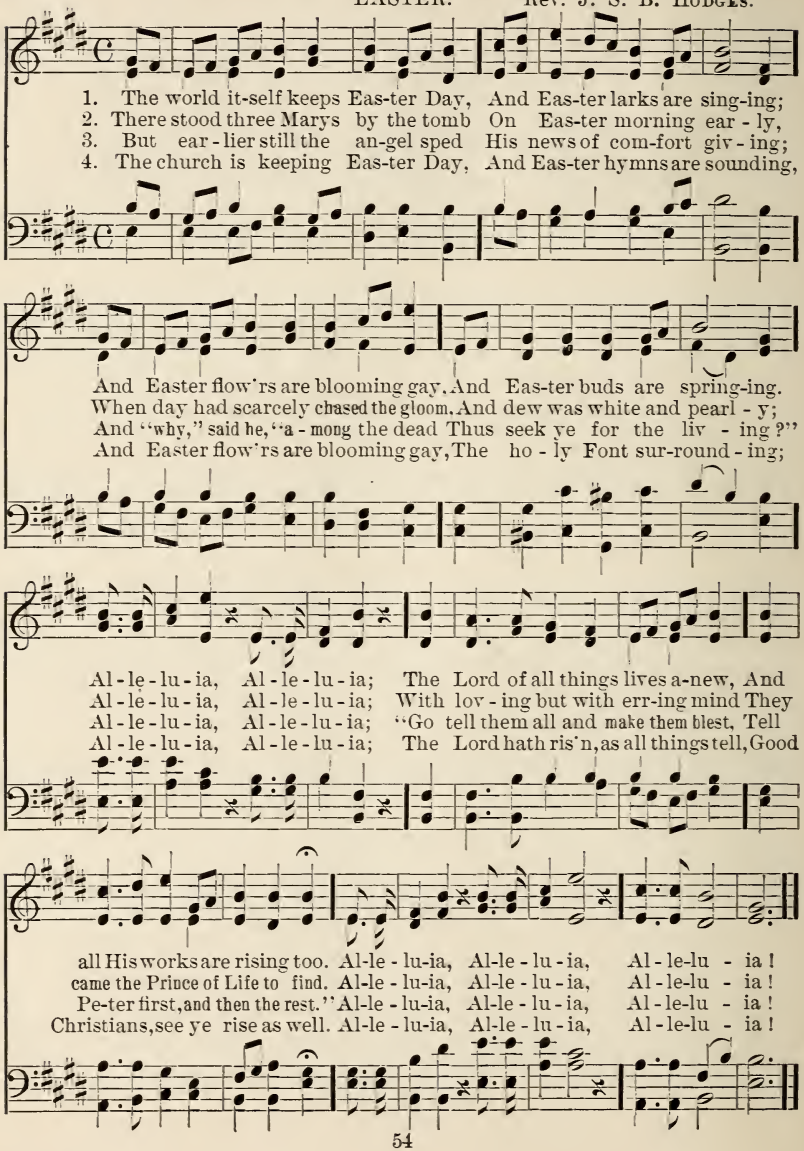
47. The World Itself Keeps Easter Day.

EASTER. Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.



48. Grandest Day of All the Ages.

EASTER.

Rev. John Westall. H. S. Hering.

p

1. Grand-est day of all the a - ges, Eas - ter - Day! Eas - ter - Day!
2. Came the wom - en seek - ing Je - sus, Eas - ter - Day! Eas - ter - Day!
3. As they brought the an - gel's mes-sage, Eas - ter - Day! Eas - ter - Day!
4. Ring, sweet bells, your sweetest chan - ges! Eas - ter - Day! Eas - ter - Day!

mf

Grand-er than the days cre - a - tive, Eas - ter-Day! Eas - ter - Day!
Bear - ing in their hands sweet spi-ces, Eas - ter-Day! Eas - ter - Day!
Lo! the Lord, the Sav - iour met them, Eas - ter-Day! Eas - ter - Day!
Bring, fair hands, your fair - est lil - ies! Eas - ter-Day! Eas - ter - Day!

For the Lord a - rose in glo - ry, An-gels told the wondrous sto - ry,
And they saw the snow-white an-gel, And they heard his glad e - van - gel,
"All hail!" was His ra-diant greeting, At that ho - ly, hap - py meet-ing,
And with mu-sic grand and glo-rious, Praise the Lord, the King vic-to - rious:

"He's not here, for He is ris - en," On this hap - py Eas - ter-Day.
"He's not here, for He is ris - en," On this ho - ly Eas - ter-Day.
From the sep - ul - chre a - ris - en, On this sa - cred Eas - ter-Day.
"He's not here, for He is ris - en," On this bless - ed Eas - ter-Day.

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49. Bells of Easter, Swing.

EASTER. O. B. Brown.

1. Bells of Eas - ter, swing! . . Bells of Eas - ter,
2. Now hath come the hour . . . When th'Almigh - ty's
3. Bells of Eas - ter, sing! . . . Bells of Eas - ter,
4. Tell the world a - new, . . . Tell the sto - ry

1. Bells of Eas - ter, swing!
2. Now hath come the hour
3. Bells of Eas - ter, sing!
4. Tell the world a - new,

ring! . . . Send your mer - ry voi - ces sound - ing
pow'r . . . Works for us its mir - a - cles of
fling . . . Mu - sic sweet and sol - emn, bring - ing
true, . . . How the Sav - iour rose tri - um - phant,

Bells of Eas - ter, ring! Send your voi - ces sound - ing
When th' Almight - y's power Works its mir - a - cles of
Bells of Eas - ter, fling Mu - sic sol - emn, bring - ing
Tell the sto - ry true, How the Sav - iour rose tri -

wide o'er land, o'er land and sea; Let the woods and
beau - ty o - ver all the land. Tell to ev - 'ry
thoughts of hope, of hope and love; Man is not a -
con - q'ring ev - 'ry sin and shame. Bid the world a -

wide o'er land, o'er land and sea;
beau - ty o - ver all the land.
thoughts of hope, of hope and love;
um - phant con - q'ring sin and shame.

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Bells of Easter, Swing.

hills, . . . Let the danc - ing rills, . . .
heart, . . Tell in ev - 'ry part, . . .
lone, . . . God is on His throne: . .
rise, . . . Spurn each low - er prize, . . .

Let the woods and hills, Let the danc - ing
Tell to ev - 'ry heart, Tell in ev - 'ry
Man is not a - lone, God is on His
Bid the world a - rise, Spurn each low - er

Murm'ring in the mountain val - leys, Ech - o back your glee.
How the earth at last is wak - ing Un - der God's own hand.
Here be - gins the life im - mor - tal, Blos - som-ing a - bove.
Fol - low Him, our Lord and Mas - ter, Loy - al to His name.

rills, In the moun-tain val - leys, Ech - o back your glee.
part, How the earth is wak - ing Un - der God's own hand.
throne: Here the life im - mor - tal, Blos - som - ing a - bove.
prize, Fol - low Him, our Mas - ter, Loy - al to His name.

50. Lift Your Glad Voices.

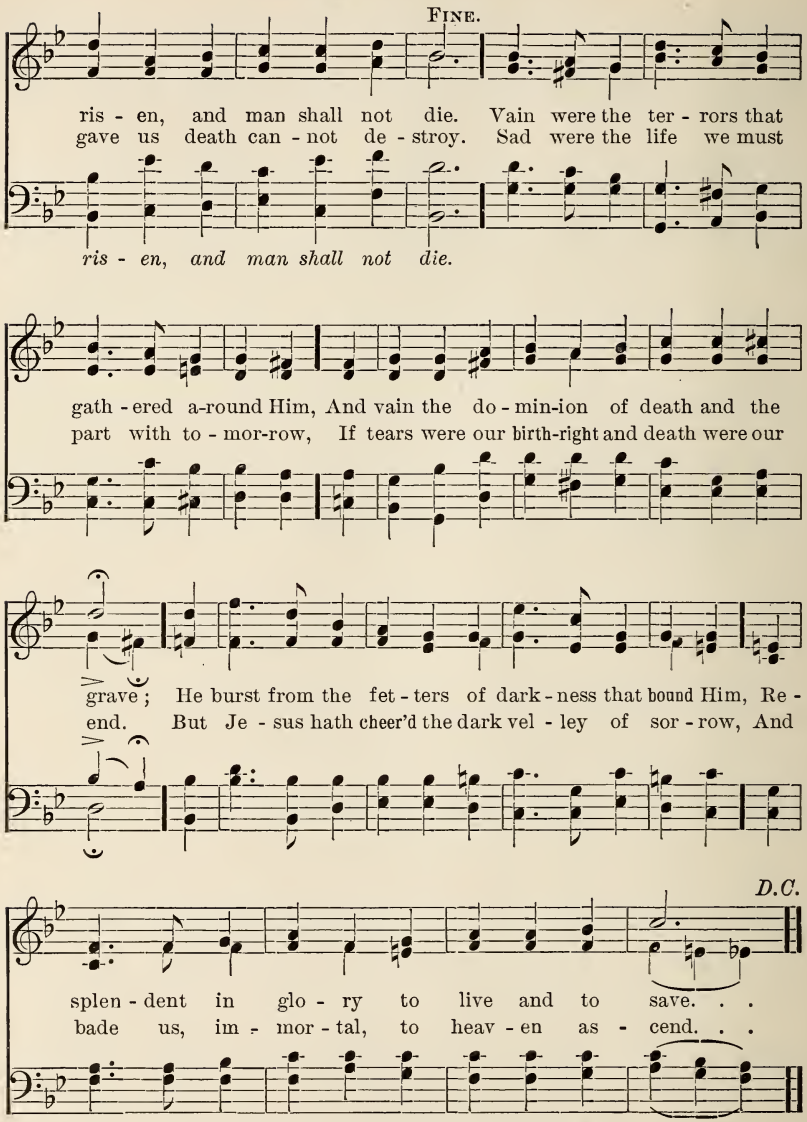
EASTER.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. O. B. Brown.

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath
2. Glo - ry to God in full anthems of joy; The be - ing He

Ref. *Loud lift your voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath*

Lift Your Glad Voices.



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51. O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing.

From the Latin
by Rev. J. M. Neale.

EASTER.

O. B. Brown.

With animation.

1. O sons and daugh-ters, let us sing! The King of heav'n, the glo - rious King, O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing.
2. That Sun - day morn, at break of day, The faith - ful wo - men went their way To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.
3. An an - gel clad in light they see, Who sat and spake un - to the three, "Your Lord doth go to Gal - i - lee."
4. On this most ho - ly day of days, To God your hearts and voi - ces raise In laud, and ju - bi - lee, and praise.

1,2,3. *Last verse.*

f

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. ia. A - men.

f

52. O Wonderful Easter Morning.

EASTER.

Rev. John Westall. Oscar A. Knipe.

1. O wonder-ful Eas-ter morn-ing! O glorious Eas-ter day! When the
2. The women came with sweet spi-ces, At the breaking of the day! When an

Lord from death and darkness Rose in perfect vic-to-ry. Let us sing the marvelous
angel from heav'n de-scend-ed, And roll'd the stone a-way. "He is not here, He is

sto-ry! Sing our joyful'st songs to-day! Sing of Jesus, the Res-ur-rec-tion! The
ris-en," They heard the an-gel say, At the dawn of that glorious morning, That

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O Wonderful Easter Morning.

REFRAIN.

Life, the Truth, the Way. O wonderful Eas-ter morn - ing! O glorious Easter won-derful Eas-ter day.

Ped.

day! When the Lord from death and dark-ness Rose in per-fect vic - to - ry.

3 "Go quickly, and tell His disciples
He has risen from the dead,
And lo! He goeth before you,
Ye shall see Him, as He said."
And as they hastened, He met them,
As we read in His Holy Word;
And they worshipped the King of Glory,
Our Saviour, Christ the Lord.
O wonderful Easter morning, etc.

4 O Sabbath! crown of the Ages!
When our Lord divinely rose,
And was seen by men and angels
Triumphant o'er our foes:
Let us sing the wonderful story!
Sing our grandest songs to-day!
Sing of Jesus, the Resurrection!
The Life, the Truth, the Way.
O wonderful Easter morning, etc.

53. Let the Merry Church Bells Ring.

EASTER.

1. Let the merry church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh - ing! Frost and cold have
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain From their leaf-y chap - el, Prais-ing Him, with

fled from spring, Life hath conquered dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil - ing,
whom in vain Sa - tan sought to grap - ple; Sounds of joy come

fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath-er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day,
fast and clear, As the breez-es flut- ter; He is ris'n, He is not here,

All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer-ry church bells ring! Ring! Ring!
Is the strain they ut - ter. Let the mer-ry church bells ring! Ring! Ring!

Ring! Let the mer-ry church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

54. Golden Harps are Sounding.

ASCENSION.

F. R. H. F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pearly gates are o-pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who lived and died, O-ver all tri-umphant,

Opened for the King. Christ the King of glo - ry, Je-sus, King of love,
Now is glo - ri - fied; Nev-er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die,

Is gone up in tri-umph, To His throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,
Jesus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end - ed,

Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend - ed; Glo-ry to our King!

55. Look Above, the Sight is Glorious.

ASCENSION.

T. Kelley. W. H. Monk.

1. Look a - bove, the sight is glo-rious; See the "Man of sor-rows" now;
2. Crown the Sav-iour, an- gels crown Him; Rich the tro- phies Je - sus brings;

From the fight re - turned vic - to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow:
On the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings:

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

56. Christ Our King to Heaven Ascendeth.

ASCENSION.

J. H. Hopkins. Henry Smart.

1. Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Past the blue sky's ut - most bound;
2. Christ our Lord to heav'n as - cend-eth, Cloven tongues of fire ap - pear;
3. Christ now reigns, the King of glo - ry, All His foes be - fore Him fall;

Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Clouds of an - gels close Him round.
Christ our Lord to heav'n as - cend-eth, Lo! the rush-ing wind is here!
Christ now reigns, the King of glo - ry, He shall tri-umph o - ver all.

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia loud they cry:
Might-y arm - ies forth with ban-ners Conqu'ring and to con-quer go:
King of kings shall men be-hold Him, Lord of lords for ev - er - more:

Christ our King to heav'n as-cend-eth, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Christ our Lord to heav'n as-cend-eth, He shall reign o'er all be - low.
Christ now reigns, the King of glo - ry, Bow be - fore Him and a - dore!

57. Come, Children, Lift Your Voices.

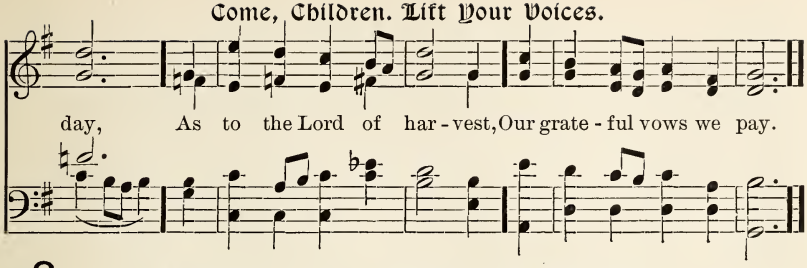
THANKSGIVING.

B. Tours.

1. Come, chil - dren, lift your voi - ces, And sing with us to - day, As to the Lord of har- vest, Our grateful vows we pay. We thank Thee, Lord, for send- ing The gen-tle show'rs of rain; For summer suns which ri - pen'd The fields of gold - en grain. Come, children, lift your voi - ces, And sing with us to -

2. Come join our glad pro - ces - sion, As on - ward still we move, Re - joic-ing in the to - kens Of God our Father's love. All good is His cre - a - tion, All beau-ti -ful and fair, Birds, insects, beasts, and fish - es, Our har-vest gladness share. Come, children, lift your voi - ces, And sing with us to -

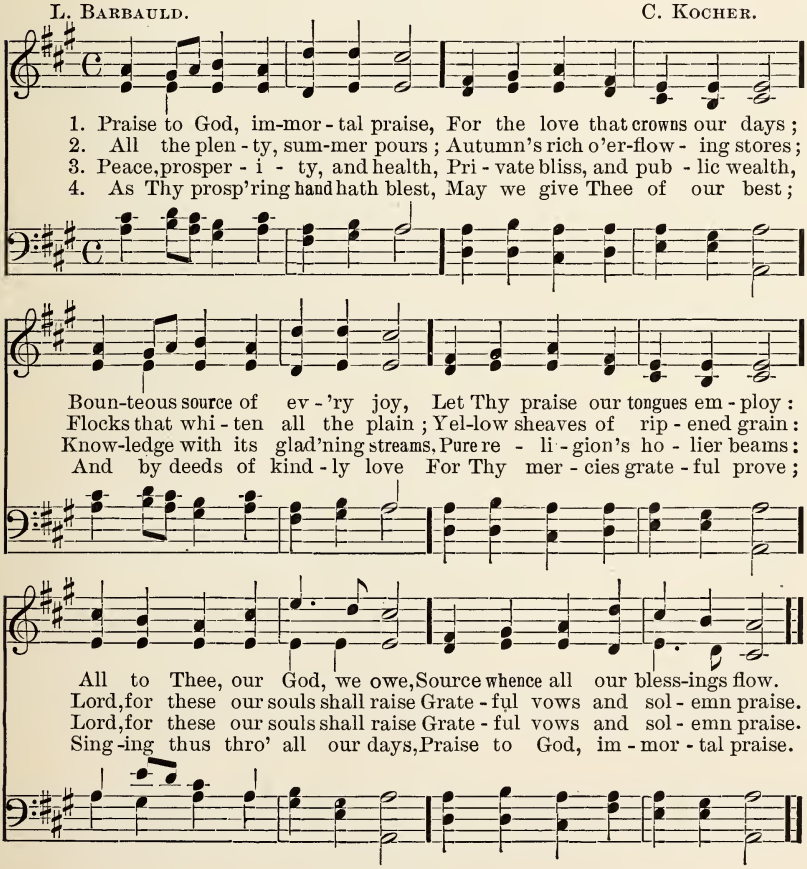
3. May we by ho - ly liv - ing Thy prais- es ech - o forth, And tell Thy boundless mercies To all the list'ning earth; May we grow up as branches In Christ, the one True Vine, Bear fruit to Life E - ter - nal, And be for - ev - er Thine. Come, children, lift your voi - ces, And sing with us to -



58. Praise to God, Immortal Praise.

THANKSGIVING.

L. Barbauld. C. Kocher.



59. We Plough the Fields.

M. Claudius. THANKSGIVING. Philip H. Goepp.

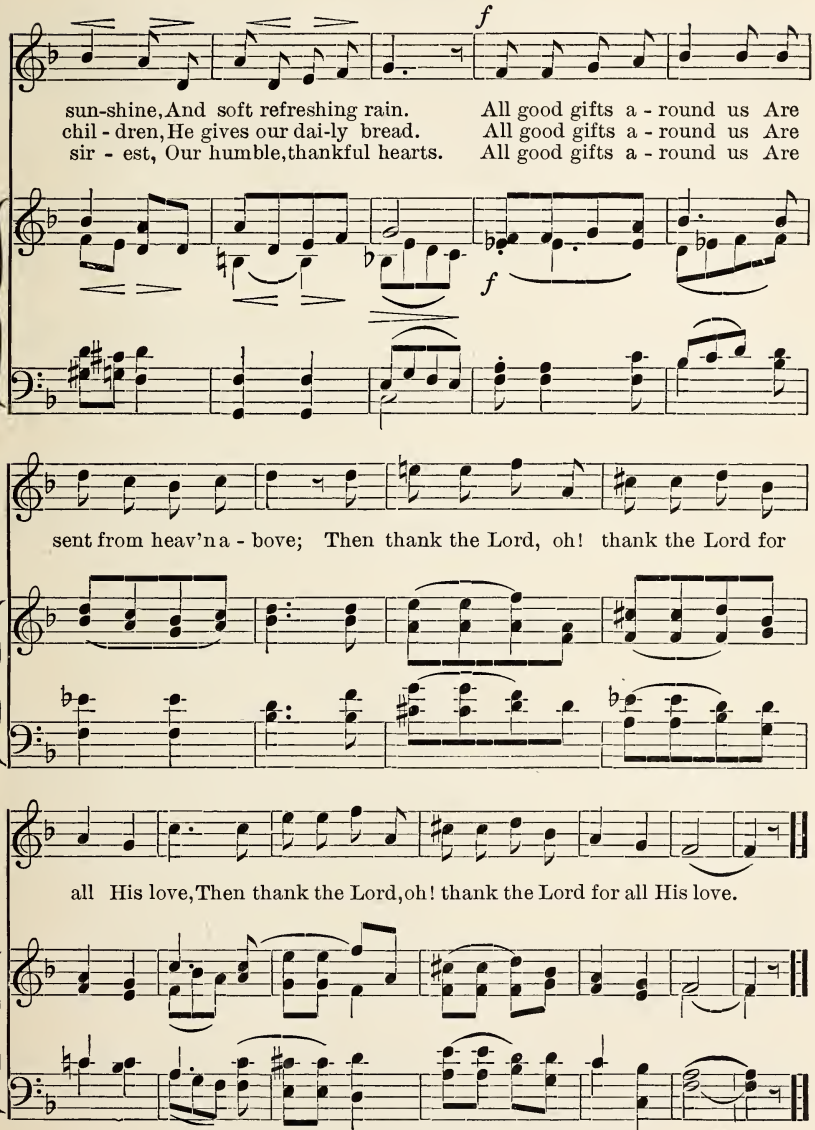
mf

1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - ter'd by God's al-might-y hand. He sends the snow in
2. He on - ly is the Ma - ker Of all things near and far; He paints the wayside flow - er, He lights the evening star; The winds and waves o-
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The seed-time and the har-vest, Our life, our health, our food. Accept the gift we

mf

win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us His
of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts, And what Thou most de -

We Plough the Fields.



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60. Sing to the Lord.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell. Frank G. Cauffman.

1. Sing to the Lord of har - vest, Sing songs of love and praise;
2. By Him the clouds drop fat - ness, The des-erts bloom and spring,
3. Bring to His sa - cred al - tar The gifts His good-ness gave:
4. To Thee, our gra-cious Sav - iour, We raise our hearts in song;

With joy - ous hearts and voi - ces, Your hal - le - lu - jahs raise.
The hills leap up in glad - ness, The val - leys laugh and sing.
The gold - en sheaves of har - vest, The souls He came to save.
We strive to gain in spir - it The bless - ed an - gel throng.

By Him the roll - ing sea - sons In fruit-ful or - der move;
He fill - eth with His ful - ness All things with large in - crease;
Your hearts lay down be - fore Him, When at His feet ye fall,
To Thee, our heav'nly Fa - ther, Who dost up - on us pour

Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap - py love.
He crowns the year with good - ness, With plen - ty and with peace.
And with your lives a - dore Him, Who gave His life for all.
The bless-ed dew and sun - shine, Be praise for ev - er - more.

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61. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

THANKSGIVING.

HENRY ALFORD. Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thankful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quickly come To thy fi - nal har-vest-home;

All is safe - ly gath-ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown.
From His field shall in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way;
Gath - er Thou thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy presence to a - bide;

Come, to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

62. Oh, Let Us All Rejoicing.

THANKSGIVING.

O. B. Brown.

1. Oh, let us all re - joic - ing, To God the Lord to - day, With glad - some ad - o - ra - tion, Our grate - ful hom - age pay. A - gain the clouds their fat - ness Have at His bid-ding shed; A - gain the earth hath yield - ed Rich stores of dai - ly bread.

2. A - gain in ev - 'ry gar - ner, A plen-teous win-ter hoard, Safe, through a Fa-ther's good - ness, The yel - low sheaves are stored. Now, there - fore, to Thy tem - ple, Both young and old we come, Fa - ther, to Thee up - rais - ing, Our song of har - vest home.

3. And though with lips un - wor - thy, Our hymns of joy we sing; Thy mer - cy all for - giv - ing, Ac - cept the praise we bring; And help us, by Thy Spir - it, With gifts of grace en - dued, To live to Thee here - af - ter, A life of grat - i - tude.

63. To Thee, O Lord.

THANKSGIVING.

W. C. Dix. C. W. Greene.

1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion, To
2. And now, on this our fes - tal day, Thy bounteous hand con-fess-ing, Up -
3. Oh, bless-ed is that land of God, Where saints a - bide for - ev - er, Where

Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: Bright
on Thine al - tar, Lord, we lay The first fruits of Thy bless - ing: By
gold - en fields spread far and broad, Where flows the crys-tal riv - er: The

robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing; The
Thee the souls of men are fed With gifts of grace su - per - nal; Thou
strains of all its ho - ly throng With ours to - day are blend-ing; Thrice

val - leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing.
who dost give us earth - ly bread, Give us the bread e - ter - nal.
bless - ed is that har - vest-song Which nev - er hath an end - ing.

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64. All Praise to Thee, O Father.

HARVEST.

O. B. Brown.

1. All praise to Thee, O Fa - ther, From whom all blessings flow; Thou
2. The sun-shine and the show - er, Each lit - tle drop of rain, Through

art the boun-teous Giv - er Of all our gifts be - low; To
win - ter and the spring-time Have nour - ish - ed the grain; To -

Thee our har-vest hymn we raise; Ac-cept our sac - ri - fice of praise.
day we praise Thy pow'r and love, That gave the increase from a - bove.

3 Though we may change and falter,
  Thy mercy's still the same;
And every generation
  Shall bless Thy holy name
For harvest joys and harvest home,
With all their blessings as they come.

4 Grant, as the corn is gathered
  Into the garner's store,
We may at last be sheltered,
  Where sin can come no more.
A better harvest hymn we'll raise,
When at Thy feet Thy name we praise.

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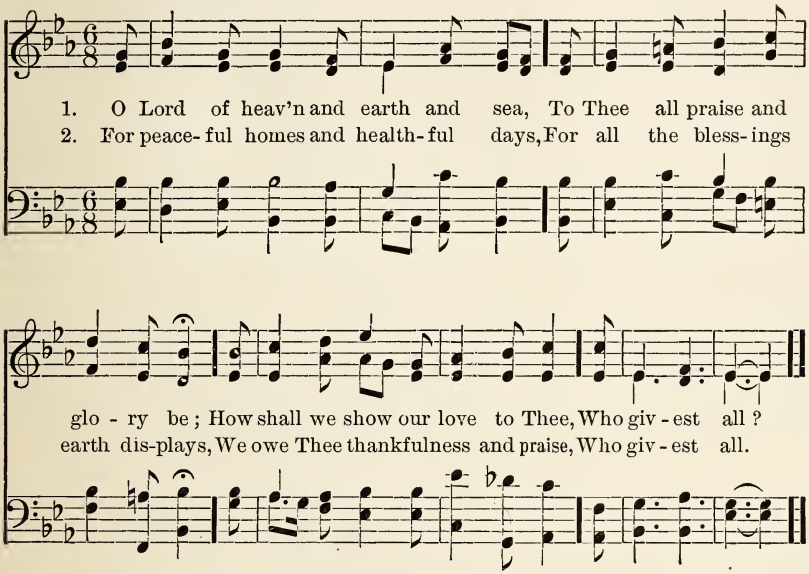
65. O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea.

THANKSGIVING.

C. Wordsworth. S. S. Wesley.



3 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

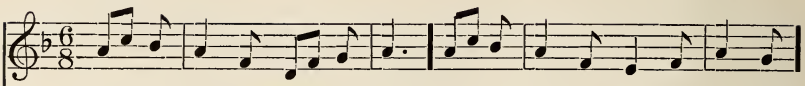
5 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;—

6 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever for Thee live,
Who givest all.

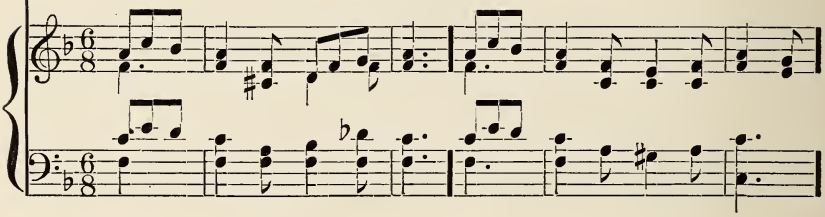
66. Light of Light.

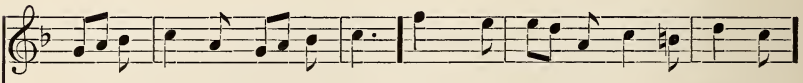
MORNING.

SCHMOLKE. W. W. GILCHRIST.

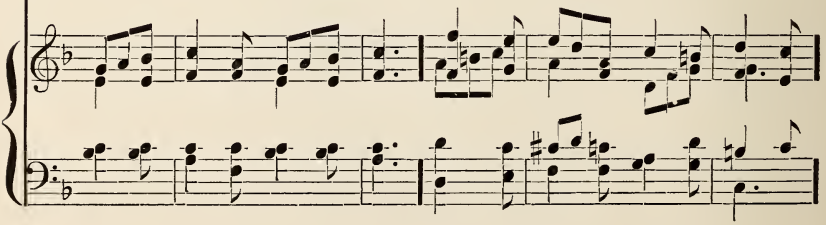


1. Light of light, en - light-en me, Now a - new the day is dawn-ing;
2. Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing wa - ters lead me;
3. Kin - dle Thou the sac - ri - fice That up - on my lips is ly - ing;
4. Let me with my heart to - day Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! sing - ing,
5. Hence all care, all van - i - ty, For the day to God is ho - ly;





Sun of grace! the sha-dows flee, Bright - en Thou my Sab-bath morn-ing;
Thou from earth my soul re - lease, And with grace and mer - cy feed me;
Clear the sha-dows from mine eyes, That, from ev - 'ry er - ror fly - ing,
Rapt a - while from earth a - way, All my soul to Thee up-spring-ing,
Come, Thou glorious Ma - jes - ty, Deign to fill this tem - ple low - ly;



Light of Light.

With Thy joy - ous sun-shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest.
Bless Thy word that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
No strange fire in me may glow, Which Thine al - tar doth not know.
Have a fore-taste, in - ly giv'n, Of the Sab-bath joys in heav'n.
Nought to - day my soul shall move, Sim - ply rest-ing in Thy love.

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67. Awake, My Soul.

MORNING.

Rev. Samuel Smedley. Old Latin Melody. Arr. by Richard Redhead.

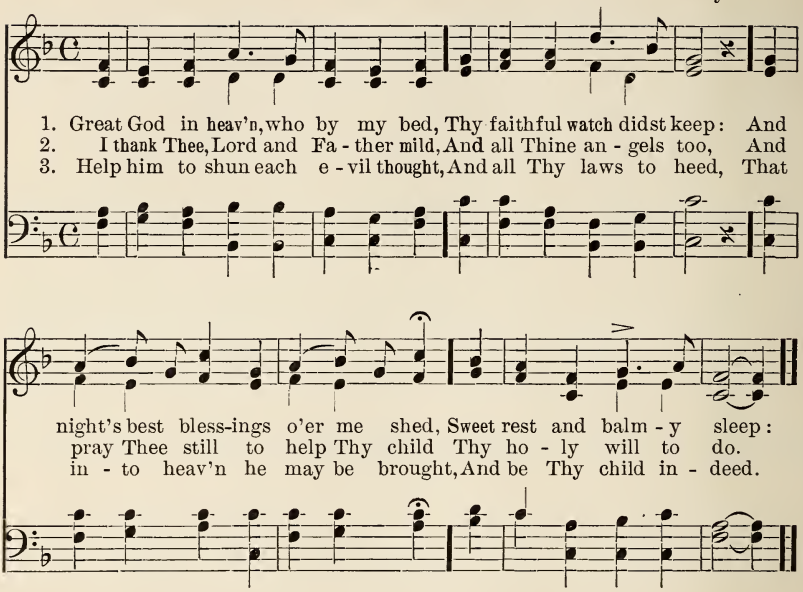
1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. Of - ten I feel my sin-ful heart Prone from my Je - sus to de-part;
3. When He shall call and lead the way To the bright world of end - less day,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing-kind-ness is so free.
And tho' I oft have Him for - got, His lov - ing-kind-ness chan - ges not.
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise, His lov - ing-kind-ness in the skies.

68. Great God in Heaven.

MORNING.

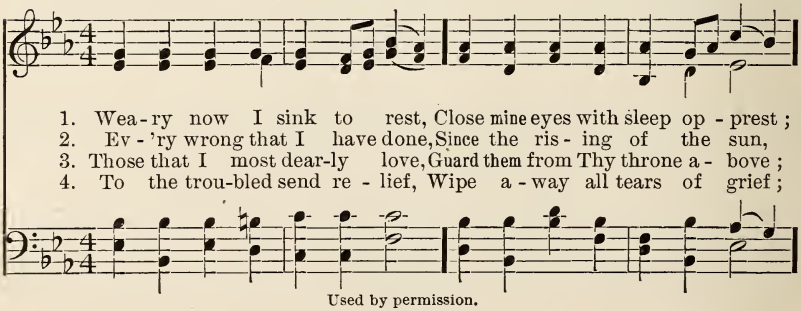
C. Reinecke. Arr. by B.



69. Weary Now I Sink to Rest.

EVENING.

From the German. German.



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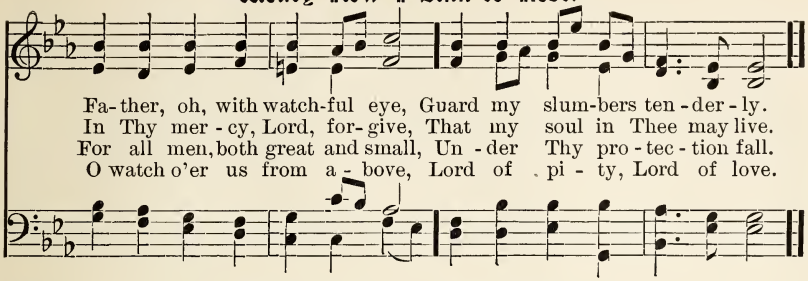
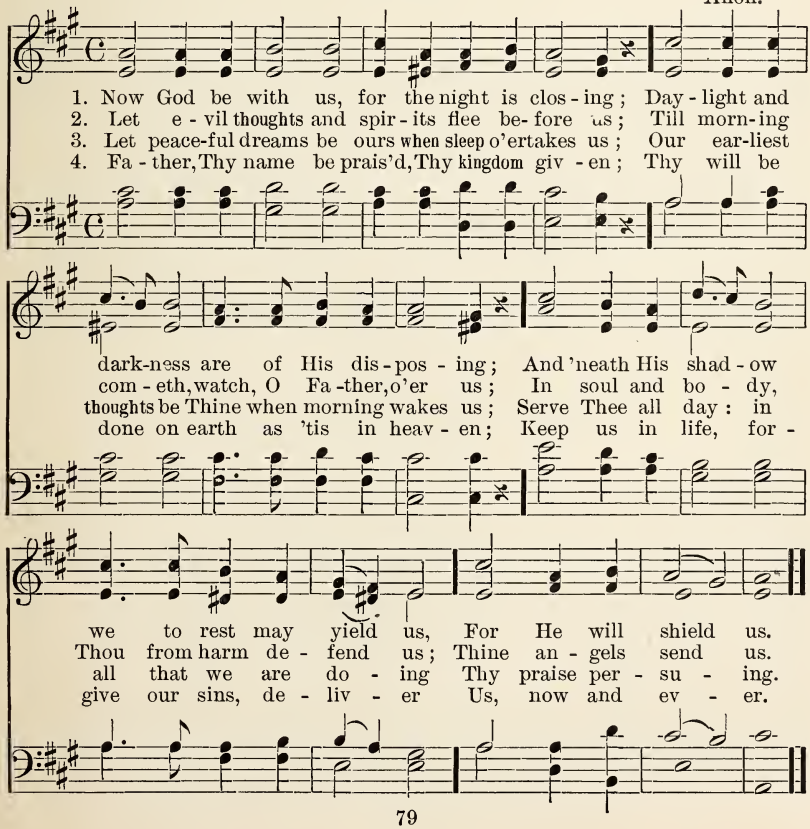
Weary Now I Sink to Rest.



70. Now God be with Us.

EVENING.

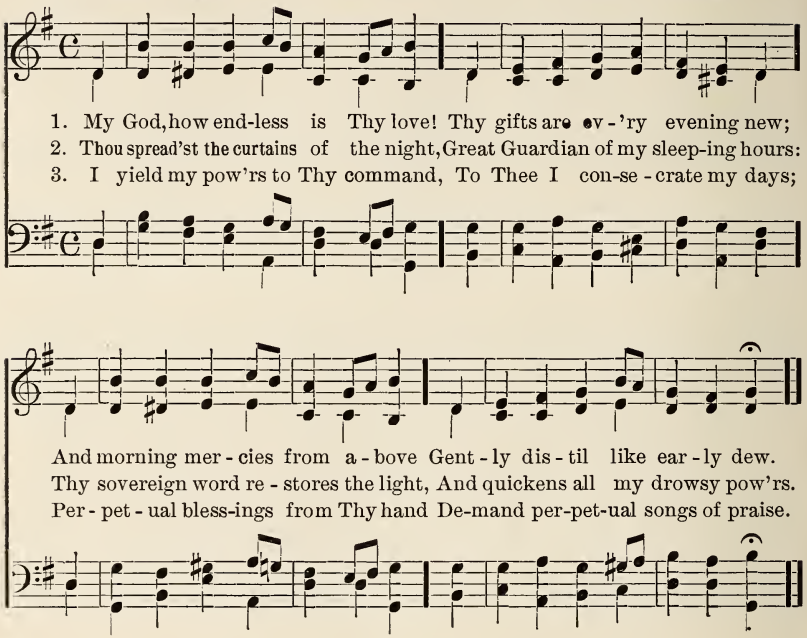
Anon.



71. My God, How Endless is Thy Love.

EVENING.

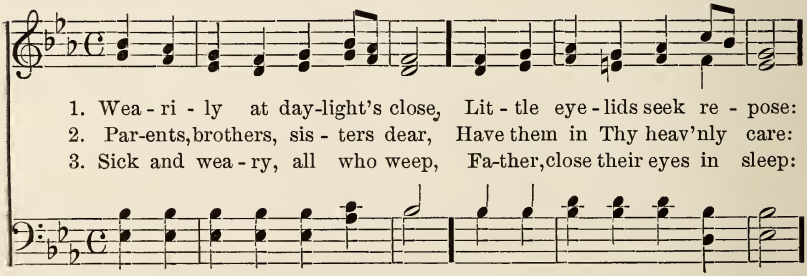
Rev. Isaac Watts. Robert Schumann.



72. Wearily at Daylight's Close.

EVENING.

Reinecke. Arr. by B.



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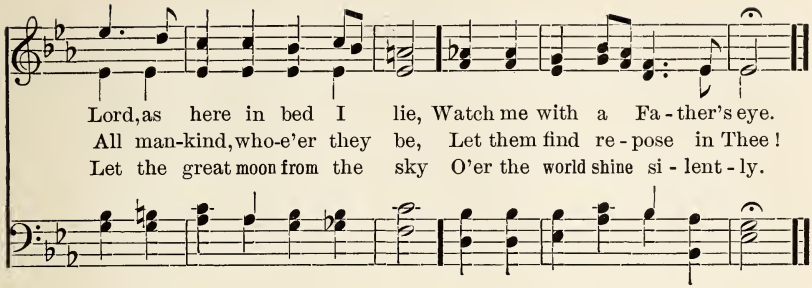
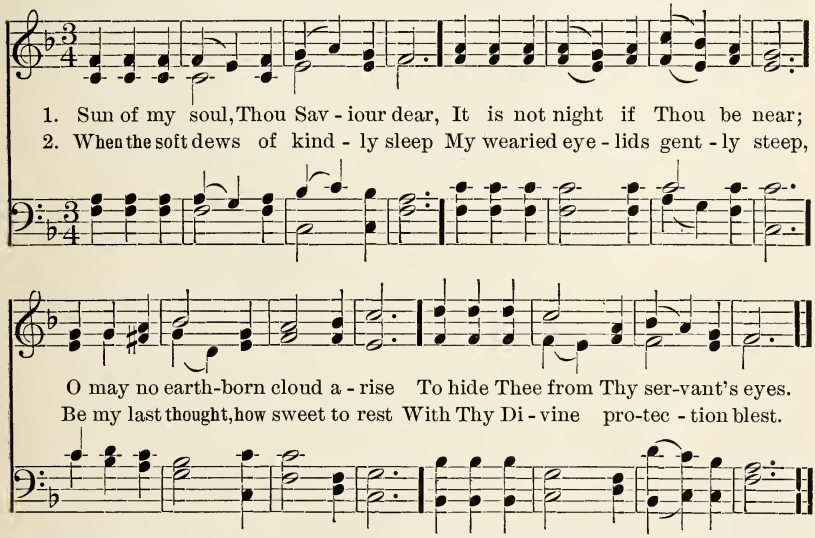
Wearily at Daylight's Close.



73. Sun of My Soul.

EVENING.

Rev. John Keble. Arr. by William H. Monk.



3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

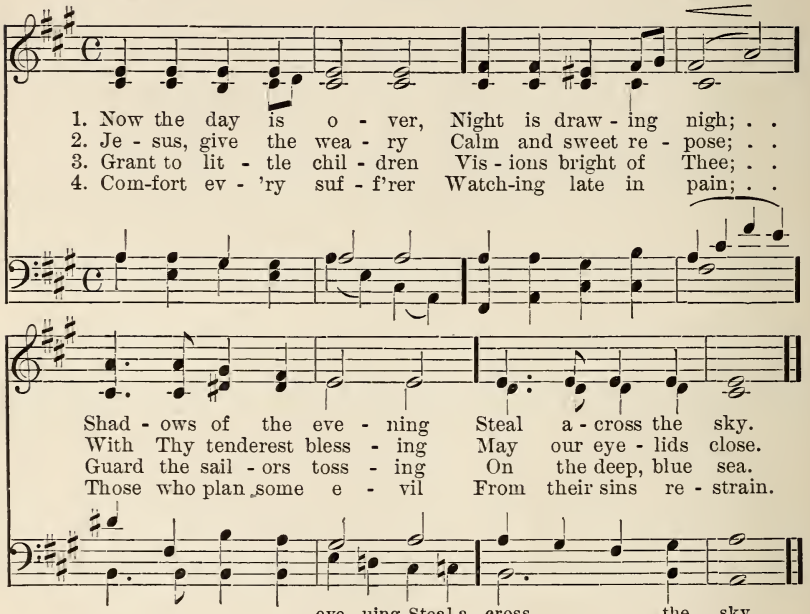
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

74. Now the Day is Over.

S. Baring Gould. EVENING. J. Barnby.

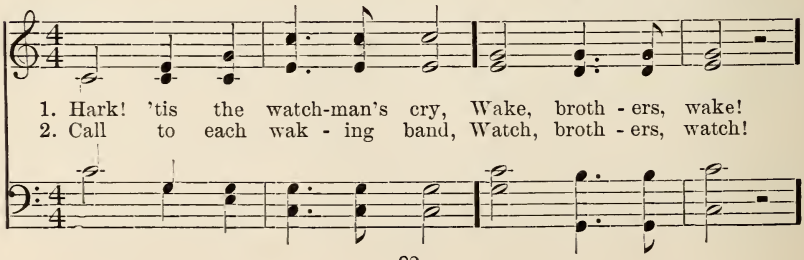


5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

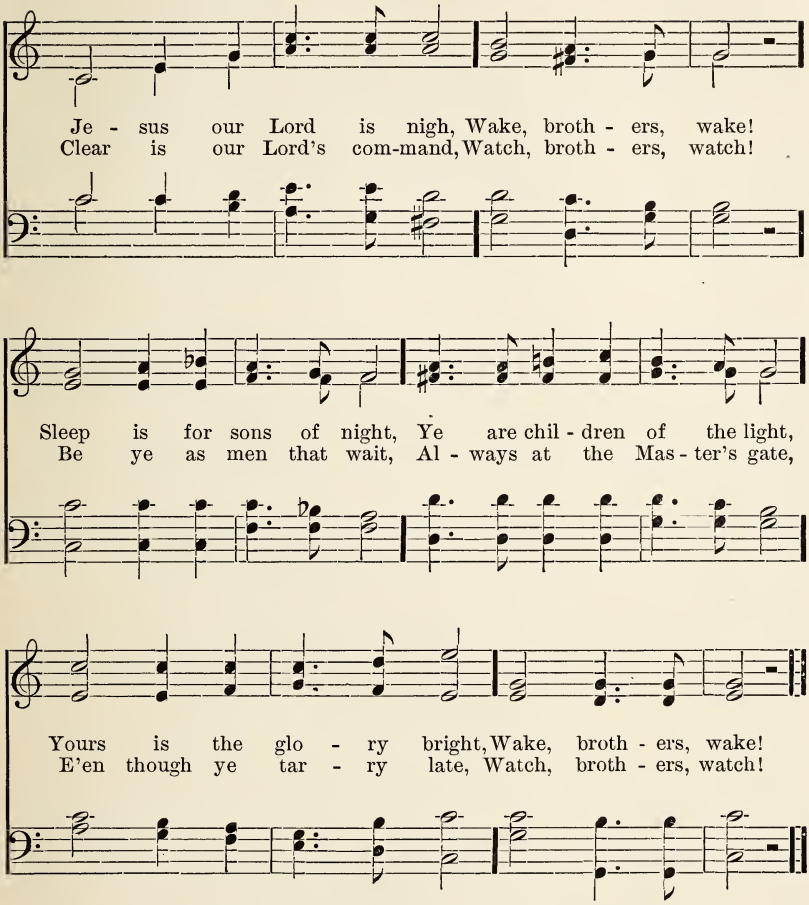
6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

75. Hark! 'tis the Watchman's Cry.

Myles B. Foster.



Hark! 'tis the Watchman's Cry.



3 Heed ye the steward's call,
Work, brothers, work!
There's room enough for all,
Work, brothers, work!
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor will afford;
Yours is a sure reward,
Work, brothers, work!

4 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brothers, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brothers, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brothers, praise!

76. Jesus is God.

F. W. Faber. C. W. Poole.

1. Je - sus is God! The sol - id earth, The o - cean broad and bright,
2. Je - sus is God! The glo-rious band Of gold - en an - gels sing
3. Je - sus is God! O! could I now But com-pass earth and sea,

The countless stars like gold- en dust, That strew the sky at night,
Songs of a - dor - ing praise to Him, Their Ma- ker and their King.
To teach and tell the sin - gle truth, How hap - py should I be!

The wheel-ing storm, the dreadful fire, The pleas - ant, wholesome air,
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib, On Calvary's cross true God,
O! had I but an an-gel's voice, I would proclaim so loud,

The summer's sun, the win- ter's frost, His own cre - a - tion were.
He who in heav'n e - ter - nal reigned, In time on earth a - bode.
Je - sus, the good, the beau- ti - ful, Is ev - er - last- ing God.

77. The Spacious Firmament on High.

JOSEPH ADDISON. JOHN GOSS.

1. The spa-cious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e - the-real sky,
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter-res-trial ball?

And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim.
And night-ly to the list-'ning earth, Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;
What though nor re - al voice nor sound A - mid their radiant orbs be found?

Th'unwearied sun from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play;
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets, in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut - ter forth a glorious voice;

And pub-lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might-y hand.
Con-firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For - ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is Di - vine."

78. With Hearts in Love Abounding.

H. S. Hering.

1. With hearts in love a - bound - ing, Pre-pare we now to sing, A
2. So reign, O God, in heav - en, E - ter - nal - ly the same, And

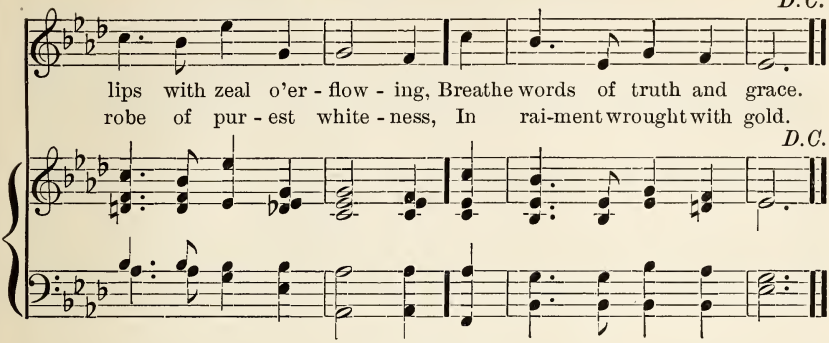
Fine.

lof - ty theme re - sound - ing Thy praise, Al-might - y King.
end - less praise be giv - en, To Thy Al-might - y Name.

Whose love, rich gifts be - stow - ing, Redeem'd the hu-man race; Whose
Cloth'd in Thy daz-zling brightness, Thy church on earth be-hold, In

mf *cres.*

With Hearts in Love Abounding.



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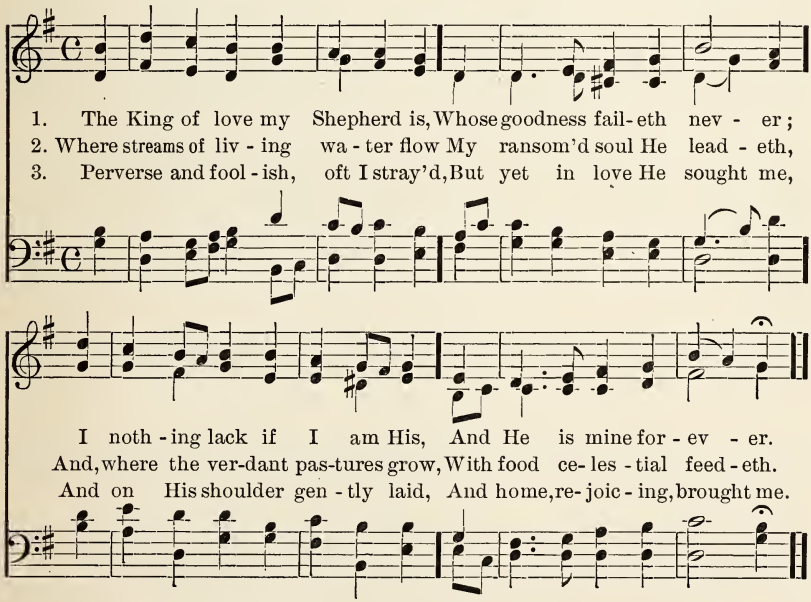
79. The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Rev. J. W. Baker. Rev. John B. Dykes.

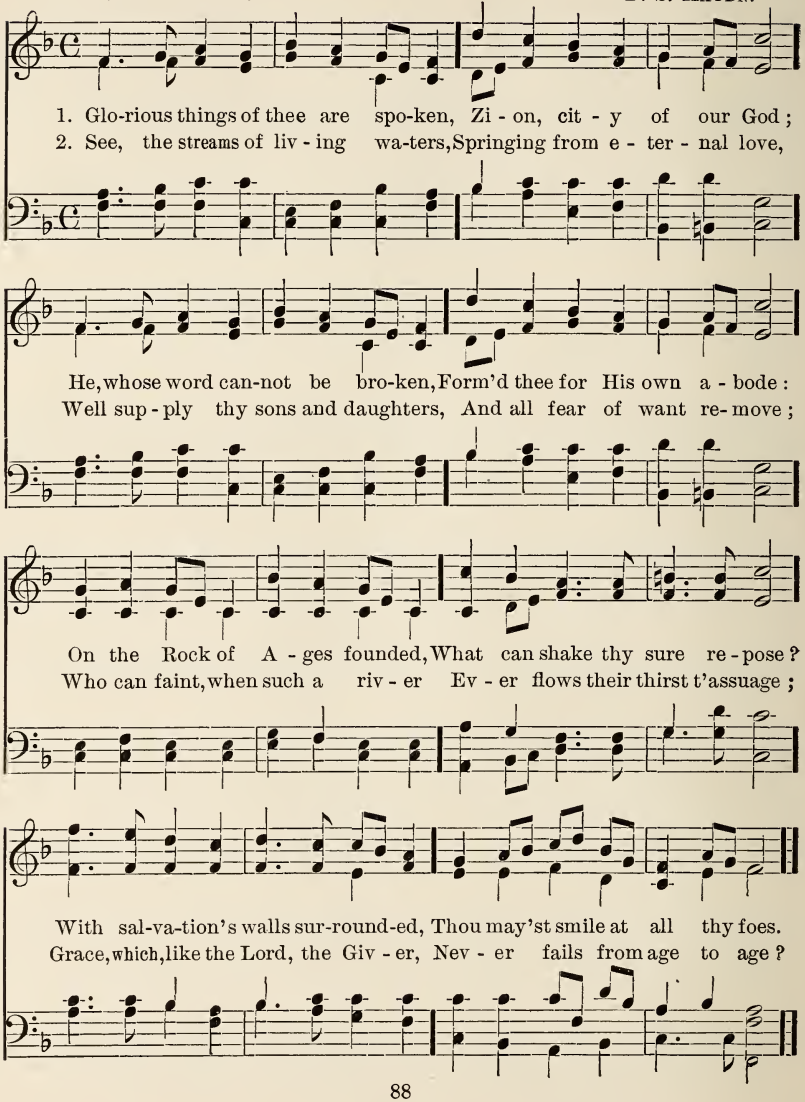


4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever!

80. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

Rev. John Newton. F. S. Haydn.



81. By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D. Arr. from A. S. Sullivan.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
3. O Thou, whose in - fant feet were found With - in Thy Fa - ther's shrine,

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar - on's dewy rose!
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
Whose years, with changeless vir - tue crowned, Were all a - like Di - vine;

Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age
De - pend - ent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,

Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
May shake the soul with sorrow's power, And storm - y pas - sion's rage.
In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

82. Simple Carollers Are We.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Sim-ple car - ol - lers are we, Broth-ers in com-mun - ion;
2. While the swift years wax and wane, Truth and right grow stron-ger;

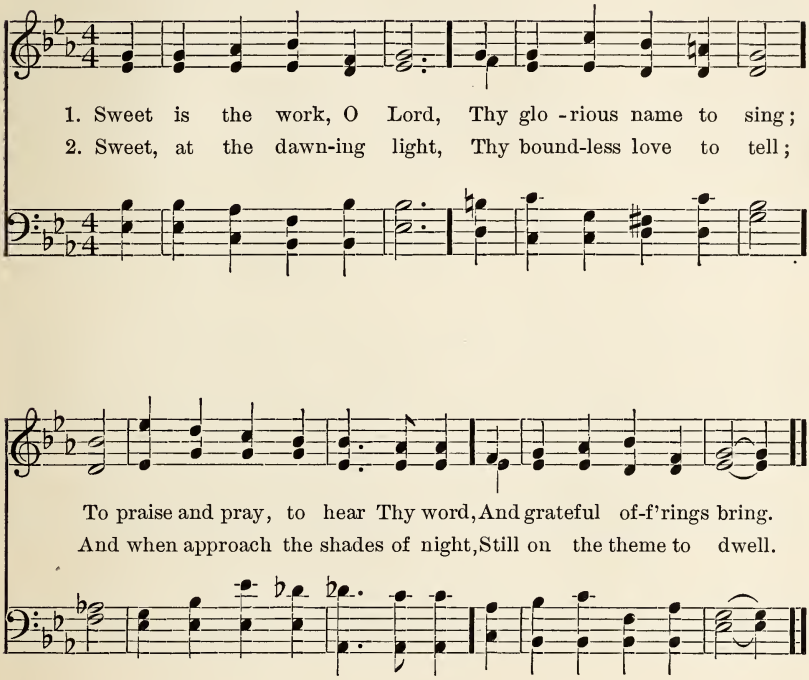
Let the life of Je - sus be Our sweet bond of un - ion.
Love is vic - tor: strife shall reign O'er men's lives no lon - ger.

O - ver ev - 'ry land and sea, Speeds the gos - pel ti - ding,
Hap - py car - ol - lers are we, Broth - ers in com - mun - ion;

Hearts made glad, and minds made free, In God's love a - bid - ing.
May the life of Je - sus be Our sweet bond of un - ion.

83. Sweet is the Work, O Lord.

Miss Harriet Auber. J. Barnby.

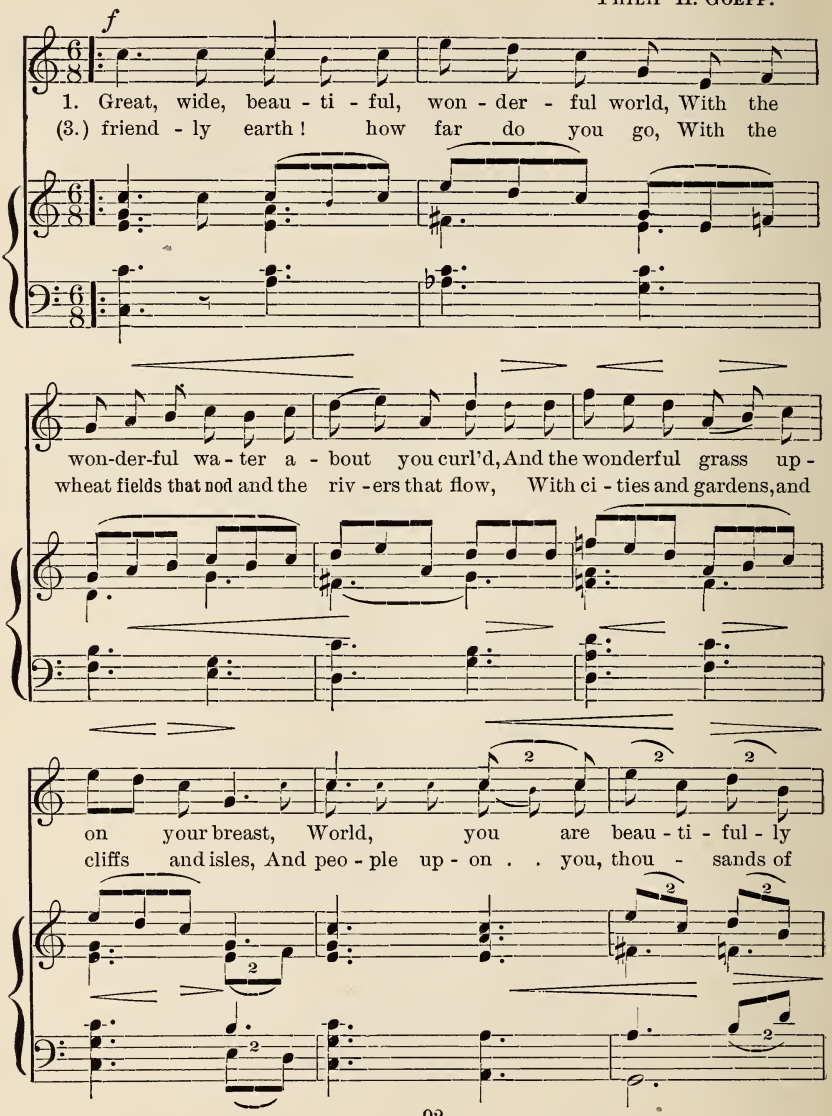


3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

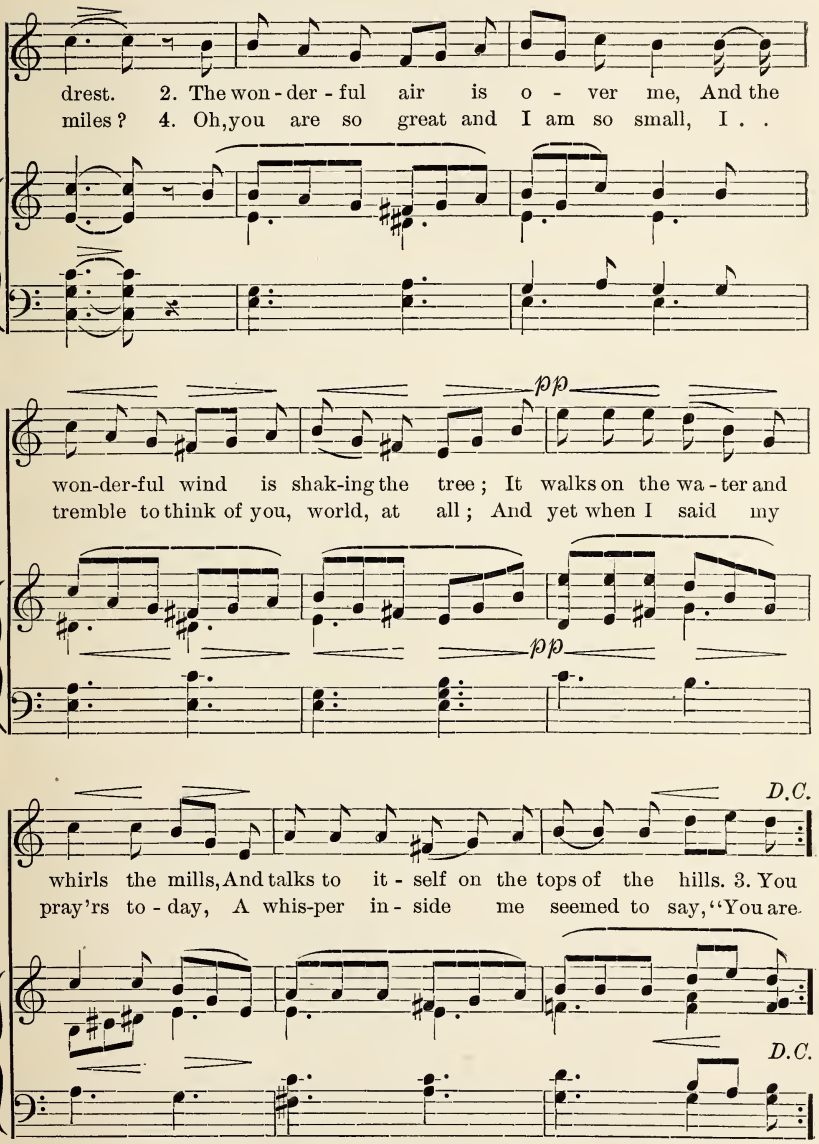
4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
And songs of use be our employ
Each day in earth and heaven.

84. Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World.

PHILIP H. GOEPP.



Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World.



Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World.

End 4th verse.

mf

more than the earth, though you are such a dot; You can

mf

f allarg.

love and think, and the earth can . . not."

f allarg.

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85. I Love to Hear the Story.

Mrs. E. H. Miller. Frank G. Cauffman.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an- gel voi - ces tell, . .
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a Child like me, . .
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet-est songs I'll raise; .

p

I Love to Hear the Story.

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
And though I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
And if I try to fol - low His foot-steps here be - low,
For He has kind - ly prom-ised That e - ven I may go

f

The Lord came down to save me, Be-cause He lov'd me so. . .
He nev - er will for - get me, Be-cause He loves me so. . .
To sing a-mong His an - gels, Be-cause He loves me so. . .

f

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86. If I Come to Jesus.

Francis J. Van Alstyne. J. Adock.

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad;
2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my prayer;
3. If I come to Je - sus, He will take my hand;
4. There with hap - py chil - dren, Robed in snow - y white,

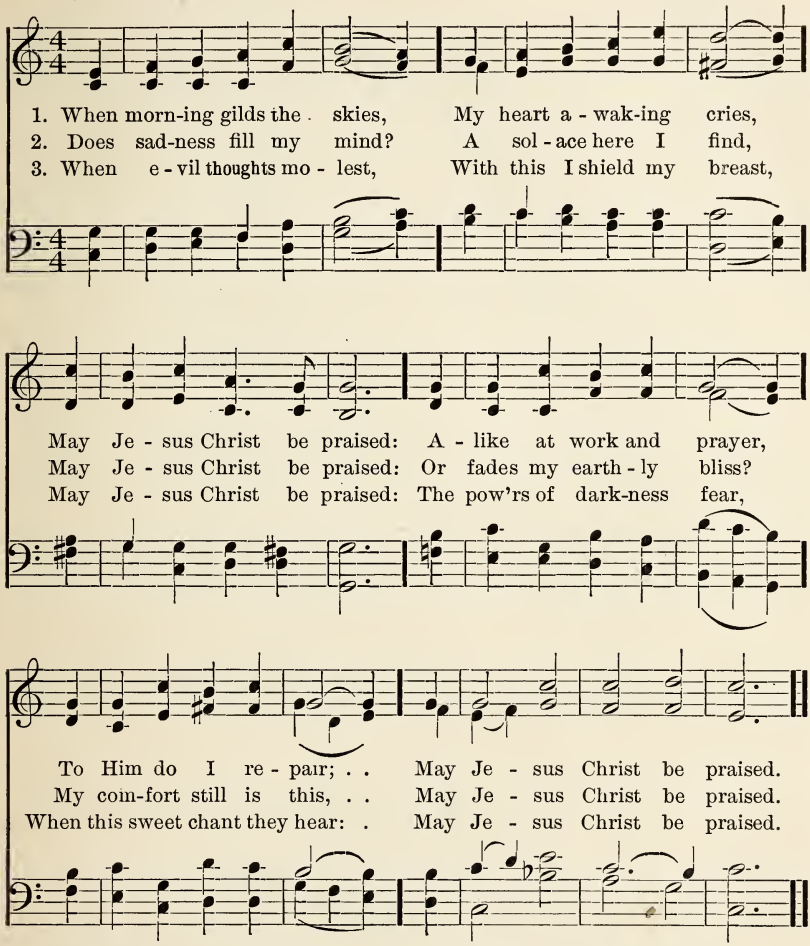
He will give me pleas - ure When my heart is sad.
He will love me dear - ly, He my trou - bles bear.
He will kind - ly lead me To a bet - ter land.
I shall see my Sav - iour In that world so bright.

If I come to Je - sus, Hap - py shall I be;

He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

87. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Rev. Edward Caswall. Joseph Barnby.

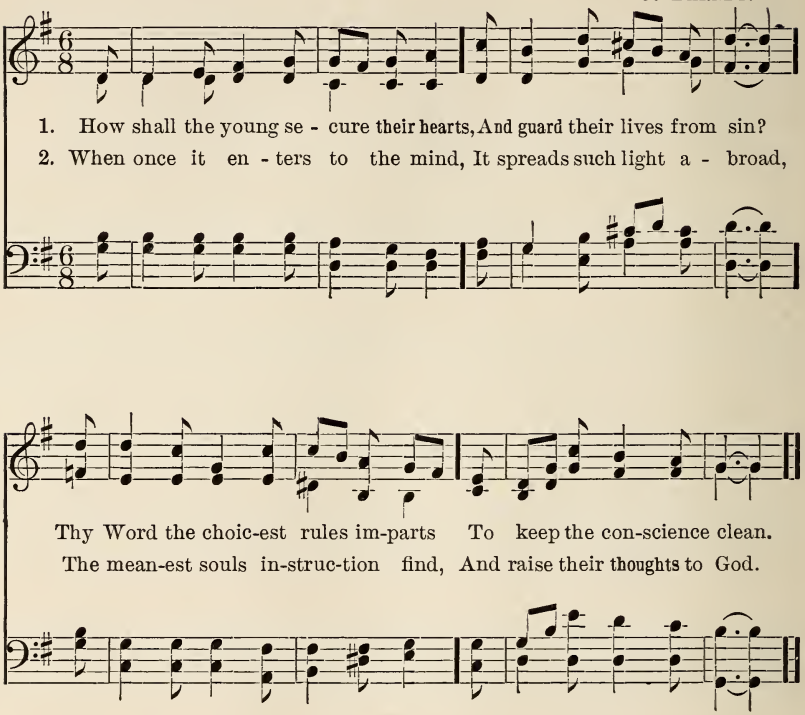


4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

88. How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts.

Rev. Isaac Watts. J. Barnby.

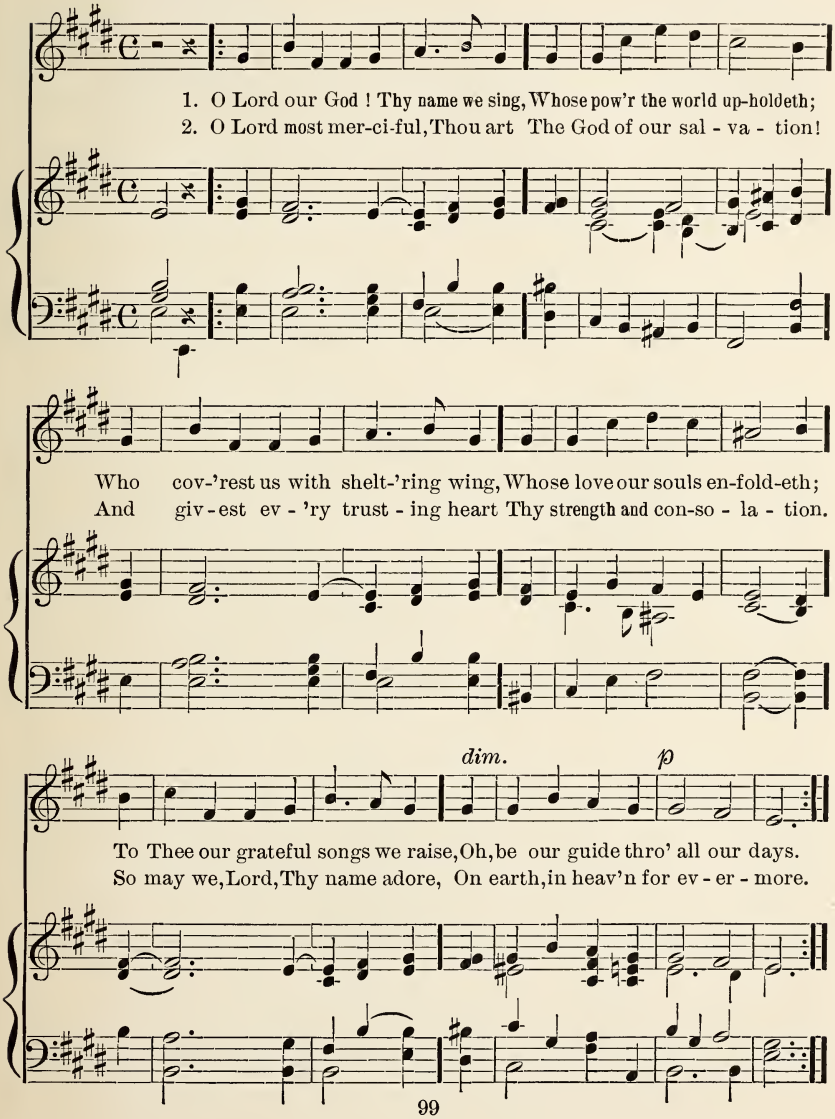


3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy Word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That Holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

89. O Lord, Our God!

Rev. James Reed. J. Barnby.



90. Angel Voices Ever Singing.

Rev. Francis Pott. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Here, O Lord, to - day, we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;

An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,

Thou-sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might.
Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voi - ces, In our choic-est mel-o - dy.

91. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

Rev. William W. How. E. Husband.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing: And lo! that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing, In ac - cents meek and low,—

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er.
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred.
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear;
O love that pass - eth knowl-edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep Him stand-ing there.
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

92. Hark! Hark, My Soul!

Rev. F. W. Faber. Henry Smart.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An-gels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments

o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus,
And life's long shad-ows break in cloud-less love. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

93. O Love Divine.

Rev. W. P. McKenzie. H. S. Hering.

1. O Love Di - vine, that dwells se - rene, Whose light of life has no e - clipse, We feel Thy com - fort, though un - seen, And lay our hand up - on our lips.
2. No words our hid - den joy can tell, A well - ing fount, it fills the heart; Not in the flesh, in God we dwell,—In Thee our life, and Love Thou art.
3. And though we meet the low de - spite Of such as slew the cru - ci - fied, Pa - tient as He, main - tain - ing right, So may we tri - umph when we're tried.
4. It is our tri - umph that we rise From hate and ig - no - rance and sin, Yea on the Cross find Par - a - dise, Cer - tain of God as Love with - in.

p *sf* *p*

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94. Is it True, O Blessed Saviour?

O. B. Brown.

1. Is it true, O bless - ed Sav - iour, Guar - dian
2. And do they, un - dimmed be - hold - ing Our Re -

an - gels, strong and bright, Shin - ing from Thy lov - ing pres - ence,
deem - er's glo - rious face, Feel, when we are grieved and wound-ed,

Watch a - round us day and night? Have we
All our sor - rows and dis - tress? Blest in -

then our sis - ter an - gels, And our broth - er ser - aphs there,
deed, the least dis - ci - ple Rep - re - sent - ed thus a - bove;

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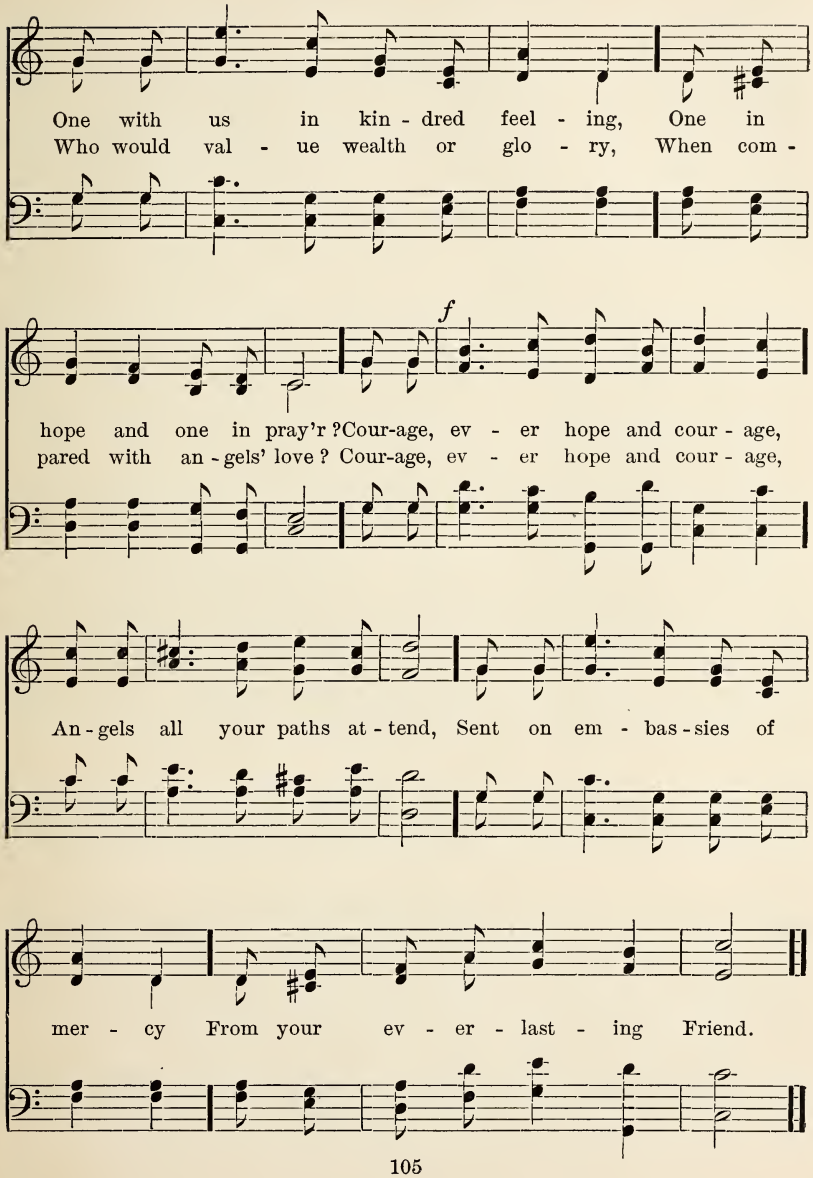
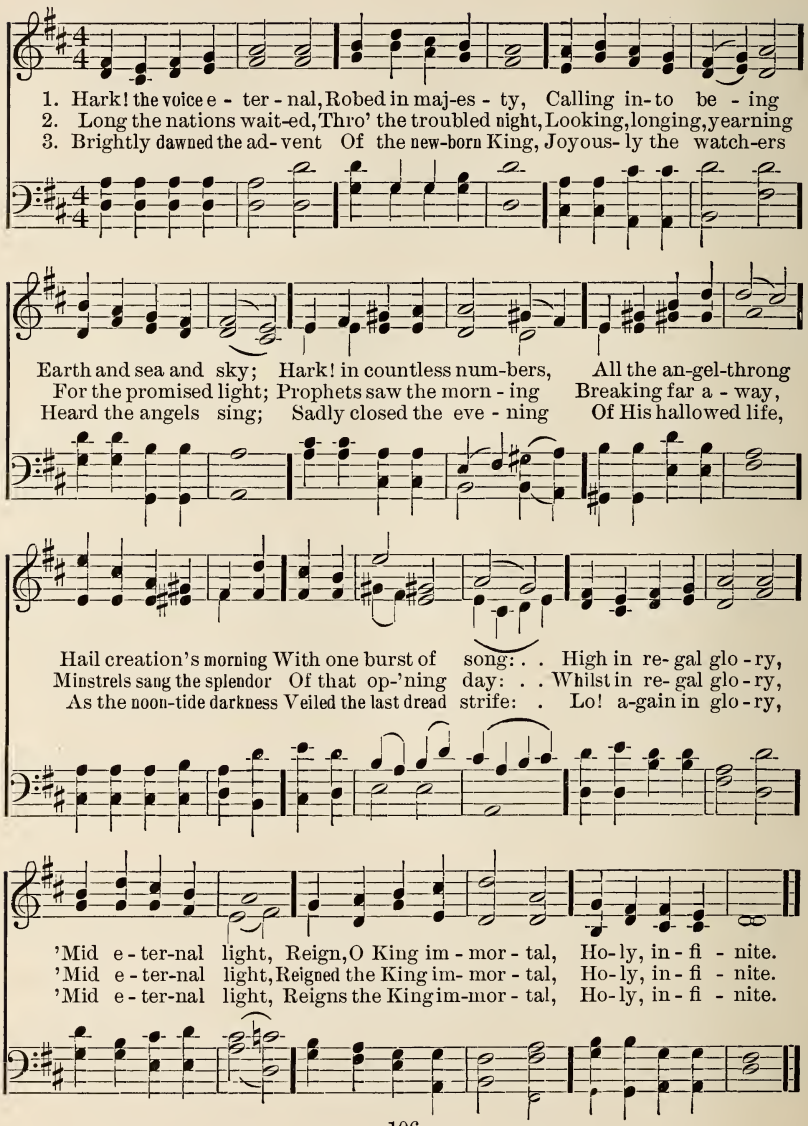
Is it True, O Blessed Saviour?



95. Hark, the Voice Eternal.

Rev. John Julien. E. J. Hopkins.



96. Oh, Have You not Heard of a Beautiful Stream?

R. Torrey, Jr. J. B. Calkin.

1. Oh, have you not heard of a beau-ti - ful stream That flows thro'our Father's land?
2. Its foun-tains are deep and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the wea - ry soul;
3. This beau-ti - ful stream is the riv - er of life, It flows for all na-tions free;
4. Oh, will you not drink of the beau-ti - ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful shore?

Its waters gleam bright in the heav-en - ly light, And rip-ple o'er gold - en sand.
It flows from the throne of Je - ho-vah a - lone: Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
A balm for each wound in its wa-ters is found, For-give-ness it brings to thee.
The Spir-it says, "Come, all ye wea-ry ones, home, And wan-der from Me no more."

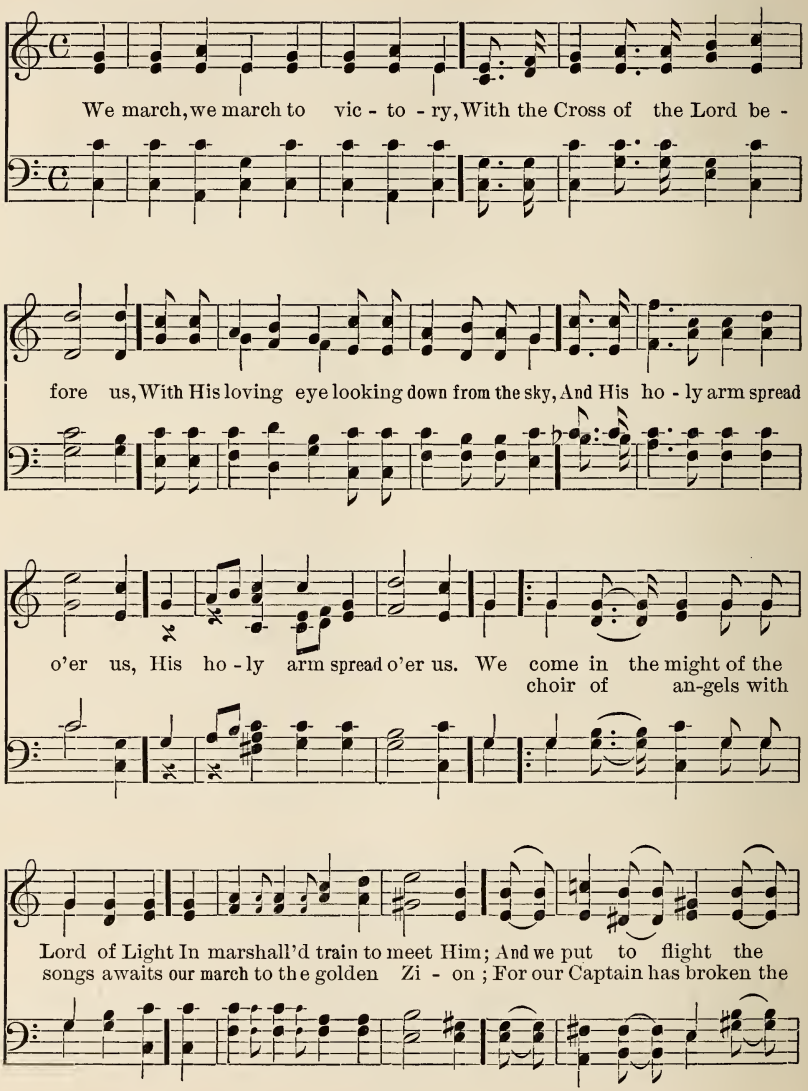
Refrain.

Oh, seek that beau-ti - ful stream, Oh, seek that beau-ti - ful stream;

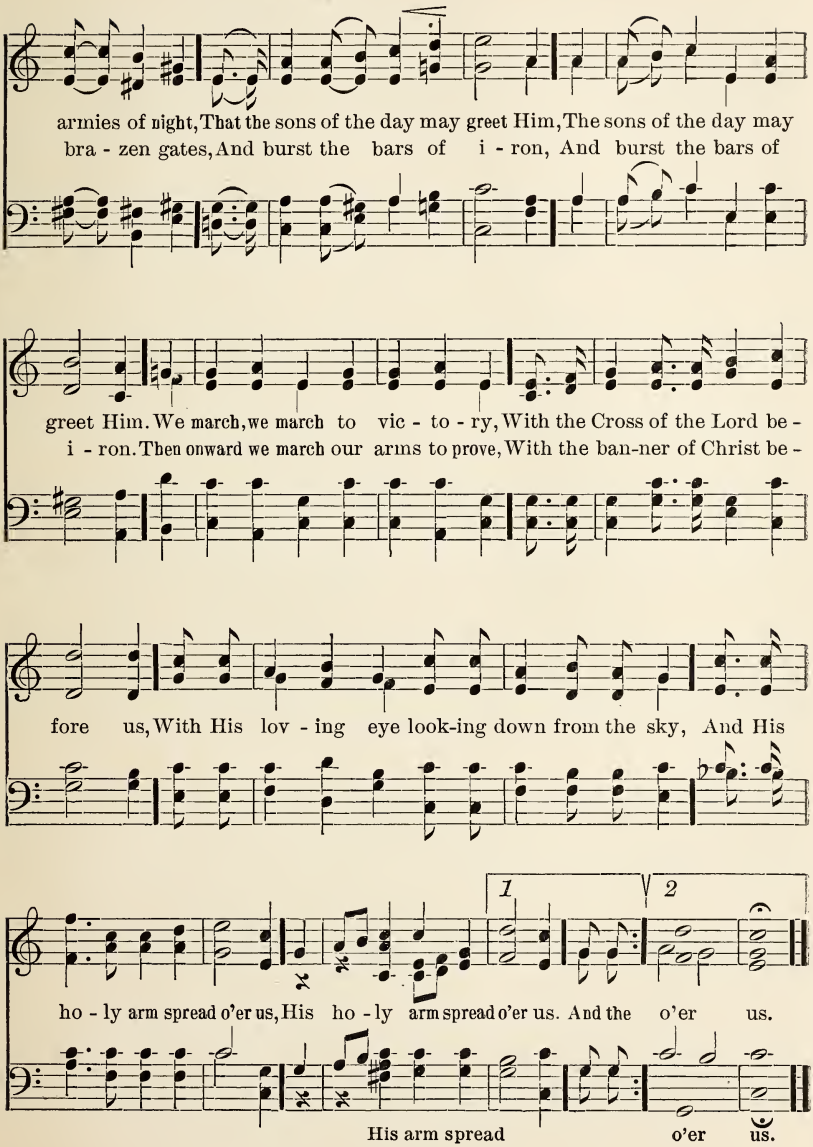
Its wa-ters so free are flowing for thee, Oh, seek that beauti-ful stream!

97. We March, We March to Victory.

Rev. G. Moultrie. Sir Joseph Barnby.

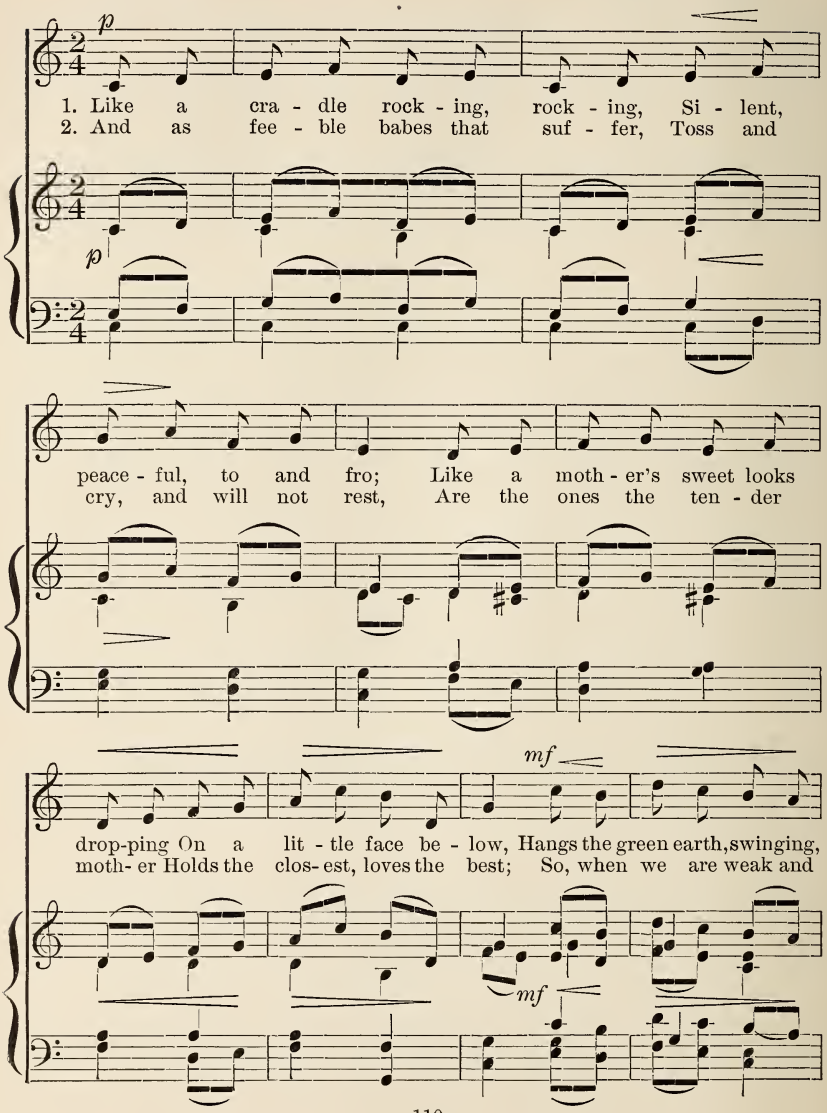


We March, We March to Victory.

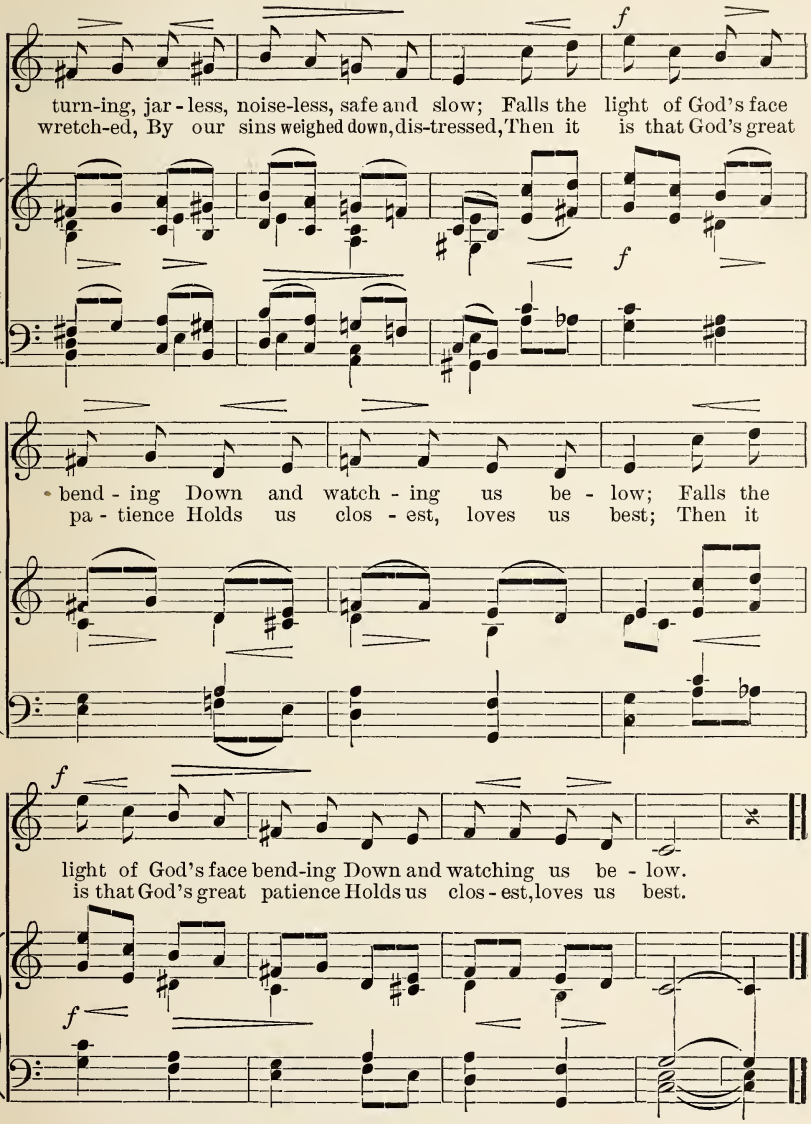


98. Like a Cradle Rocking.

Saxe Holm. Philip H. Goepp.



Like a Cradle Rocking.



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99. Blessed Redeemer, Gracious and Holy.

O. B. Brown.

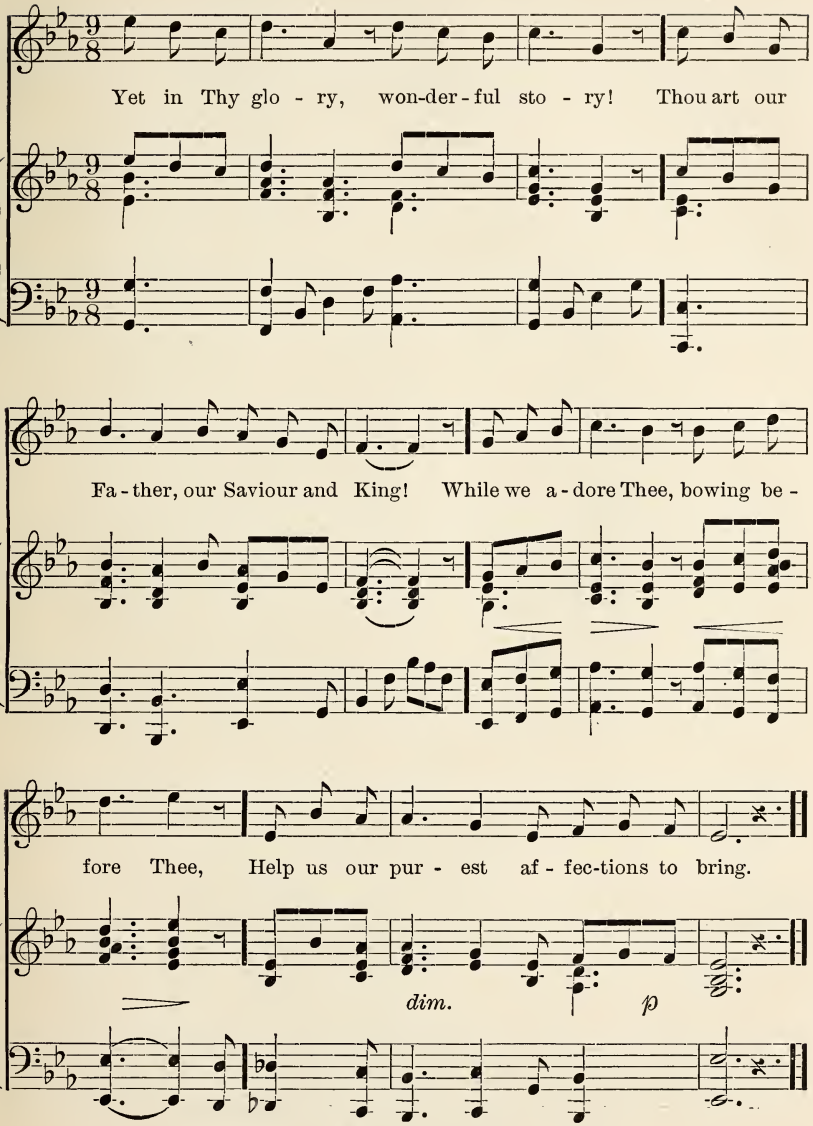
In moderate tempo.

Bless - ed Re-deem - er, gra - cious and ho - ly,

May we approach to Thy ra - diant throne; We are so hum - ble,

help-less and low-ly; Thou art so great in Thy glo - ry a-lone!

Blessed Redeemer, Gracious and Holy.



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100. We are but Strangers here.

J. R. Taylor. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. We are but stran-gers here, Heav'n is our home;
2. What though the tem-pests rage? Heav'n is our home;
3. Grant us to mur-mur not, Heav'n is our home;

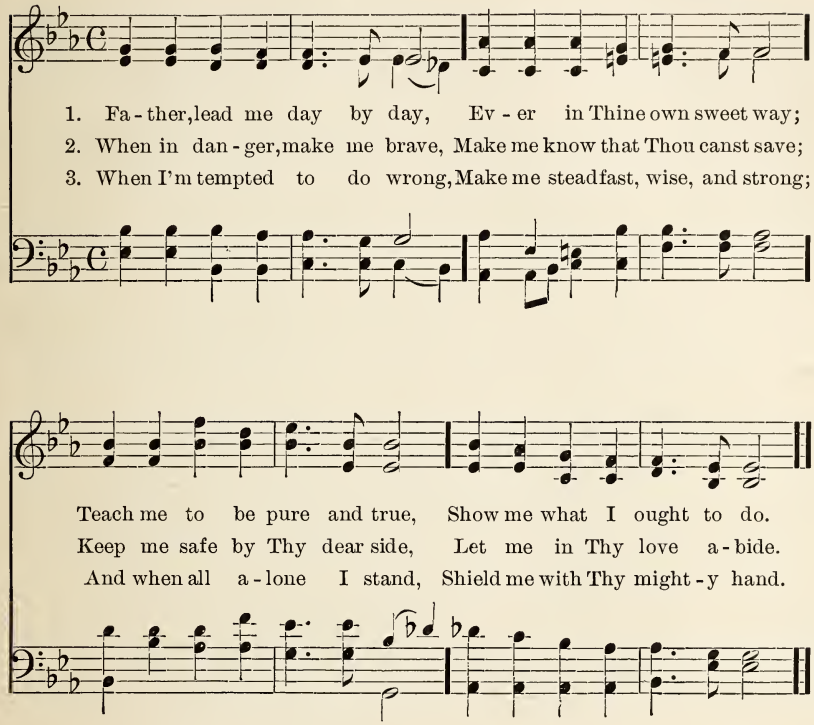
Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is our home.
Short is our pil-grim-age, Heav'n is our home.
What-e'er our earth-ly lot, Heav'n is our home.

Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round us on ev-'ry hand,
And time's wild win-try blast Shall soon be o-ver-past,
Grant us at last to stand There at Thine own right hand,

Heav'n is our fa-ther-land, Heav'n is our home.
We shall reach home at last; Heav'n is our home.
Lord, in the fa-ther-land: Heav'n is our home.

101. Father, Lead Me Day by Day.

F. H. Atkinson.



4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below;
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

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102. Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Miss Frances R. Havergal. E. J. Hopkins.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my heart, it is Thine own! It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise;
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure - store;

Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all, for Thee!

103. Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

C. Wesley. E. A. Singleton.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Dearest Lord, for - bid it not.
3. Lamb of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;

Pi - ty my sim-plic - i - ty, Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
Give a lit - tle child a place, In the king-dom of Thy grace.
Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild, Thou wast once a lit - tle Child.

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4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Let the world the image see
Of the Holy Child, in me.

104. While the Twilight Radiance Lingers.

M. C. B. Margaret Coote Brown.

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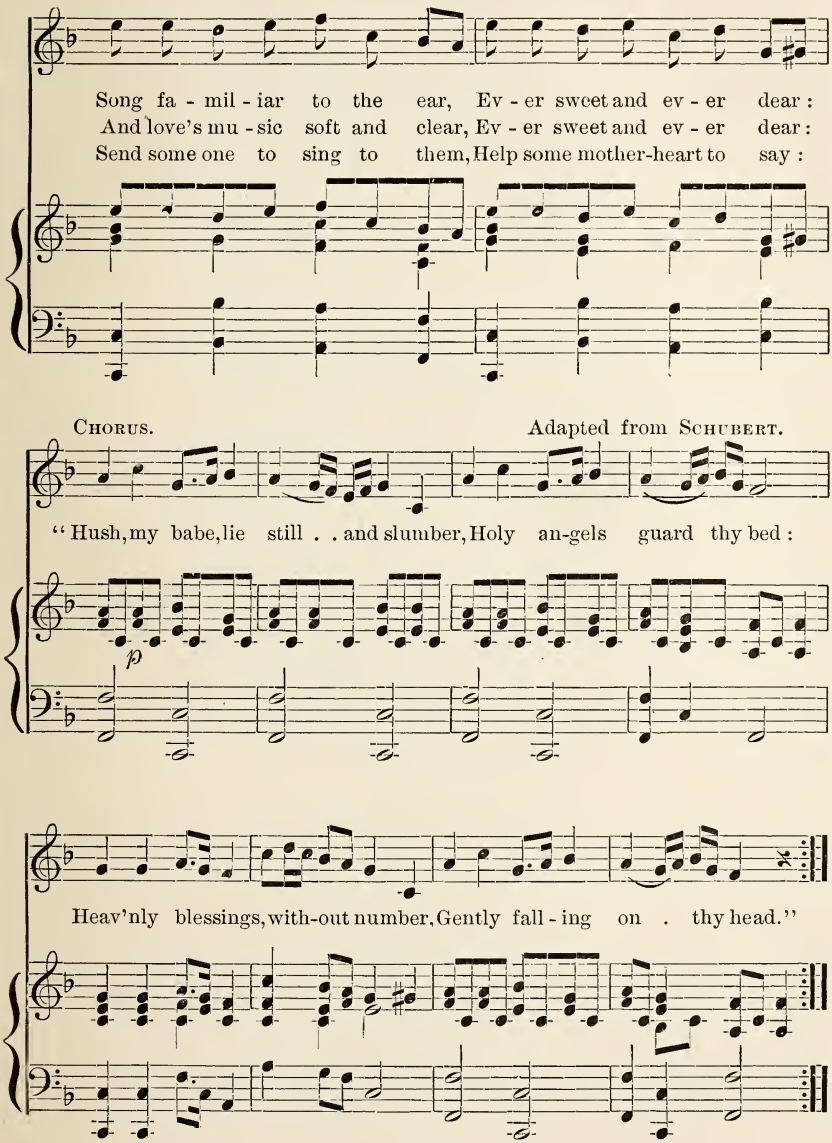
While the Twilight Radiance Lingers.

(Solo, *ad lib.*)

1. While the twi - light radiance lin - gers, Fire-side em - bers burn and glow;
2. Bless - ed babe, whose cradle-dreaming Min-gles with true moth-er - love;
3. Heav'nly Fa - ther, bless the children Who true mother-love ne'er know;

Sweet-ly croon-ing, a fond moth-er Rocks a cra - dle to and fro;
Near whose pil-low, white watch keeping, An-gels from the heav'n a - bove;
May we count them in our plan-ning, Thus Thy Fa - ther-care to show.

Soft - ly fall her tones and clear, God's own an - gels pause to hear;
In rich meas-ure choic - est good All a - round thy ba - by-hood;
Let them not life's mu - sic miss, As they jour-ney on life's way;


Song fa - mil - iar to the ear, Ev - er sweet and ev - er dear :
And love's mu - sic soft and clear, Ev - er sweet and ev - er dear :
Send some one to sing to them, Help some mother-heart to say :
Chorus.
Adapted from Schubert.
"Hush, my babe, lie still . . and slumber, Holy an-gels guard thy bed :
p
Heav'nly blessings, with-out number, Gently fall - ing on . thy head."

105. O Paradise! O Paradise!

Rev. F. W. Faber. Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more;
4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in Thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that love are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
loy - al

All rap-ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight.

106. Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding.

Rev. Wm. A. Muhlenberg. H. S. Hering.

1. Saviour, who Thy flock art feed-ing With the shepherd's kindest care,
2. Nev- er, from Thy pas-ture rov- ing, Let them be the li - on's prey ;

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share ;
Let Thy ten - der-ness, so lov - ing, Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.

Now these lit - tle ones re- ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra-cious arm ;
Then, with-in Thy fold e - ter - nal, Let them find a rest - ing-place,

rit.

There we know, Thy word be -liev - ing, On-ly there se - cure from harm.
Feed in pas-tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the wa - ters of Thy grace.

Ped. ✱

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107. Summer Suns are Glowing.

Rev. W. W. How. H. S. Hering

1. Summer suns are glow-ing O - ver land and sea, Happy light is flow - ing, Beau - ti - ful and free. Ev - 'ry-thing re - joic - es In the mel-low rays, All earth's thousand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise.
2. God's free mer - cy streameth O - ver all the world, And His ban-ner gleam-eth Ev-'ry-where un-furled. Broad and deep and glo - rious, As the heav'n a-bove, Shines in might vic-to-rious, His e-ter - nal love.
3. Lord, up-on our blindness Thy pure radiance pour ; For Thy lov - ing - kind-ness Make us love Thee more. And when clouds are drift - ing Dark across the sky, Then the veil up-lift - ing, Fa-ther, be Thou nigh.

rit. molto.

Ped. Ped. Ped. ✱ *Ped.*

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108. Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Rev. J. D. Burns. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Hushed was the eve-ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark;
2. The old man meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael, slept;
3. So to each wait - ing heart Some word Di - vine is giv'n;

The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark;
His watch the tem - ple child, The lit - tle Sam - uel, kept;
Still to the list - 'ning ear Speak-eth the voice of heav'n.

When sud-den-ly a voice Di-vine A-woke the si-lence of the shrine.
And what from E - li's sense was seal'd Was to the lit - tle child re-vealed.
I, too, would hear and keep Thy word, And be Thy lov-ing child, O Lord.

109. Child Jesus.

MARGARET COOTE BROWN.* O. B. BROWN.

Moderato. *p*

1. He grew in stat - ure as a flow - er grow-ing, Upreaching toward the light in beau-ty glow-ing; Drinking deep draughts of Moth - er-love's be-stow - ing, Child Je - sus.

2. He grew in wis - dom, spir - it - life un - fold - ing; Ma - ry the wondrous mys-ter - y be - hold- ing, The while her love His boyhood's grace was mold - ing; Child Je - sus.

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Child Jesus.

p cres. un poco. *dim.* *p*

3. He grew in fa - vor, hu-man hearts adored Him ; For lov-ing-

p legato. cres. un poco. *dim.*

cres. *dim.* *p*

kind - ness none in vain implored Him ; His love was God's love, angels yearn - ed

cres. *dim.*

toward Him ; Child Je - sus, Child Je - sus.

sostenuto. legato.

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110. O True and Tender Vine.

E. A. Singleton.

1. O true and ten - der Vine, Fair branch-es may we be,
2. A - part from Thee we fail, No na - tive strength have we;
3. O Lord, in us a - bide, Nor suf - fer us to fall;

And man - i - fest the life Di-vine Which flows a - lone from Thee.
What can a fee-ble branch a - vail When severed from the tree?
For ev - 'ry use of life provide, And be our All - in - all.

Our fruit - ful - ness is Thine, In Thee we live and move;
No fruit - less branch may prey Up - on the liv - ing Vine;
Thy fruit - ful branch - es bless, With clus - ters of in - crease;

May heav'nly gra - ces in us shine, And vi - tal un - ion prove.
Our use - less fol - lies prune a - way, And ev - 'ry heart re - fine.
Build up Thy Church in righteousness, And grant Thy peo - ple peace.

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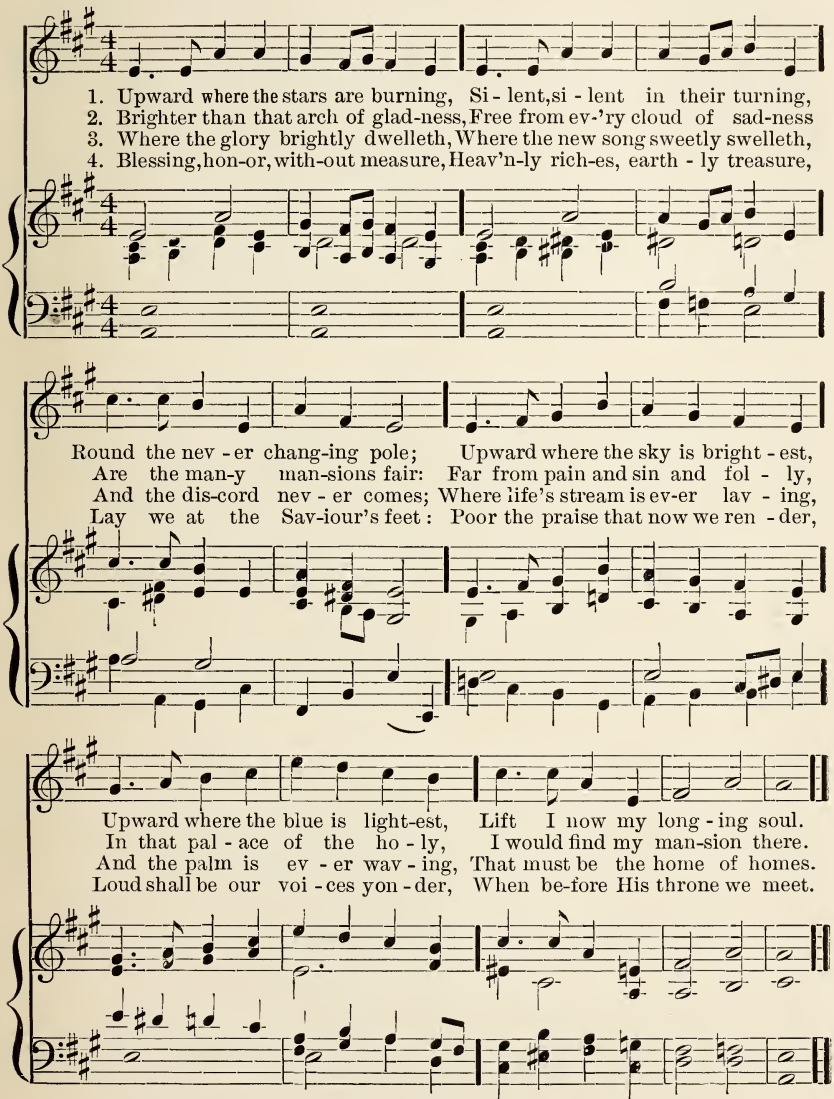
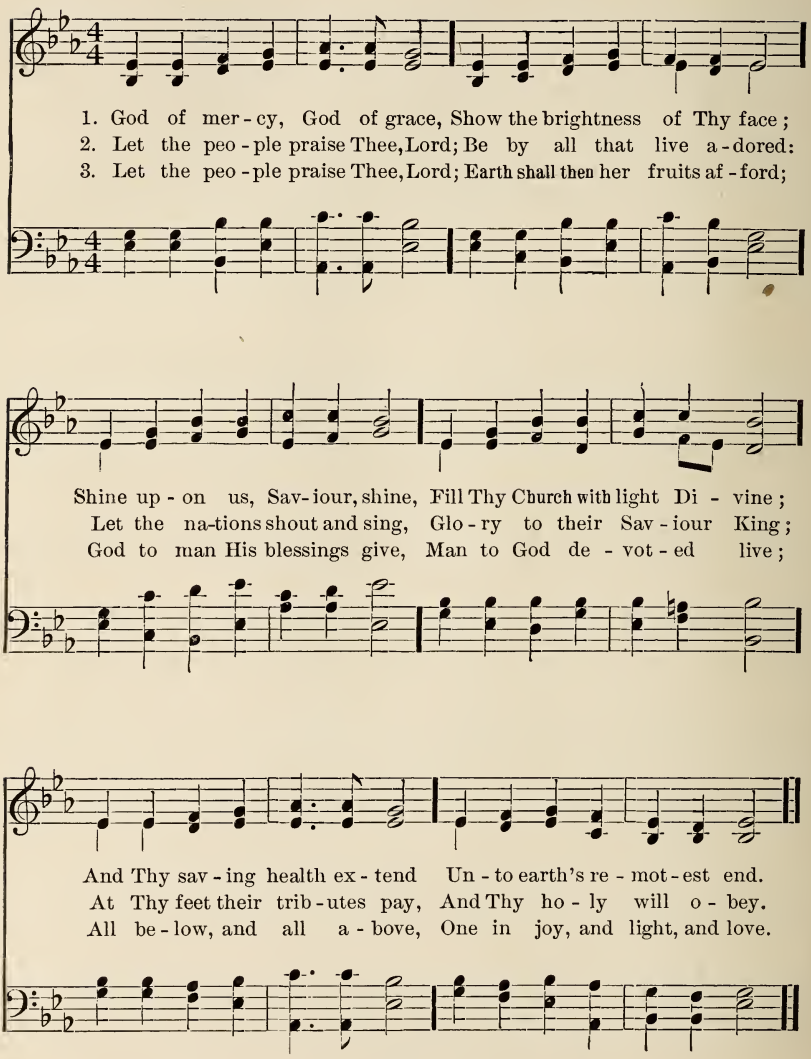
III. Upward Where the Stars are Burning.

Rev. H. Bonar. J. Baptiste Calkin.



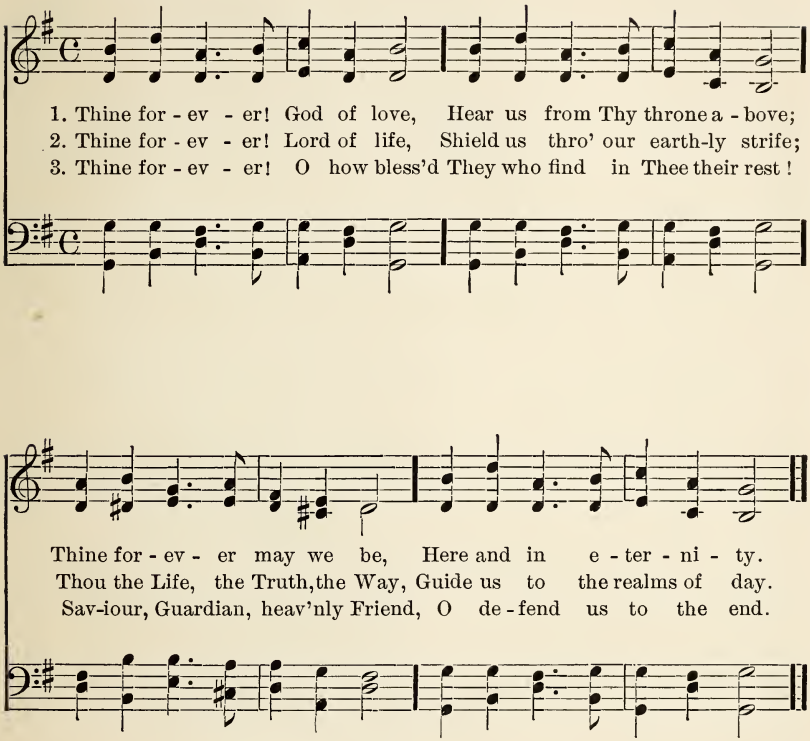
112. God of Mercy, God of Grace.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. Richard Redhead.



113. Thine Forever, God of Love.

Mary F. Maude. Pleyel.



4 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

114. Hail to the Lord Anointed.

James Montgomery. W. H. Havergal.

1. Hail to the Lord a - noint - ed, King Da - vid's Lord and Son!
2. He comes with suc-cour speed - y, To those who suf - fer wrong,
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit-ful earth;
4. To Him shall pray'r un - ceas - ing, And dai - ly vows as - cend;

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;
And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth:
His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king-dom with-out end:

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark-ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him, on the moun-tains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go;
The tide of time shall nev - er, His cov - e - nant re - move,

To take a - way trans-gres-sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.
Whose souls, condemn'd and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in His sight.
And righteousness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
His Name shall stand for - ev - er, His changeless Name of love.

115. Now to Heaven Our Prayer Ascending.

W. E. Hickson. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. Now to heav'n our pray'r as - cend-ing, God speed the right;
2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;
3. Pa- tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;

In a no - ble cause con - tend-ing, God speed the right.
Ne'er de - spair-ing, though de - feat- ed, God speed the right.
Ne'er e - vent nor dan - ger fear-ing, God speed the right.

Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord-ed, With suc - cess on earth re- ward-ed;
Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail, we'll fail in glo - ry,
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed-ing; And in heav'n's own time succeeding,

By our King may we be guard-ed, God speed the right.
Still ex - claim-ing, till we're hoa - ry, God speed the right.
All man- kind to temp'rance leading, God speed the right.

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116. O Mother Dear, Jerusalem!

Sixteenth century. S. A. Ward.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?
2. No murk - y cloud o'er-shad-ows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
4. That tree each month yields ri-pened fruit, For ev - er-more it springs,

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? . .
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun, For God Him-self gives light. . .
Where grow such sweet and pleas-ant flow'rs As no-where else are seen. . .
And ev - 'ry na - tion of the earth To thee its hon-or brings. .

O hap - py har-bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil! . .
O my sweet home, Je-ru - sa - lem! Thy joys when shall I see? . .
Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow, . .
O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? .

In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
The King that sit - teth on thy throne In His fe - li - ci - ty?
And on the banks on eith - er side, The tree of life doth grow.
When shall my sor -rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

117. O Jesus, Lord and Saviour.

"LEAGUE HYMN."

Rev. J. Bayley, D.D. Rev. Frank Sewall.

1. O Je - sus, Lord and Sav - iour, The soul's E - ter - nal King,
2. Far, far from Thee, our Sav - iour, Our youthful steps might roam,
3. With - in Thy Church, Lord Je - sus, O let our souls as - pire,
4. A - bide with us, Lord Je - sus, Fill us with ho - ly zeal;

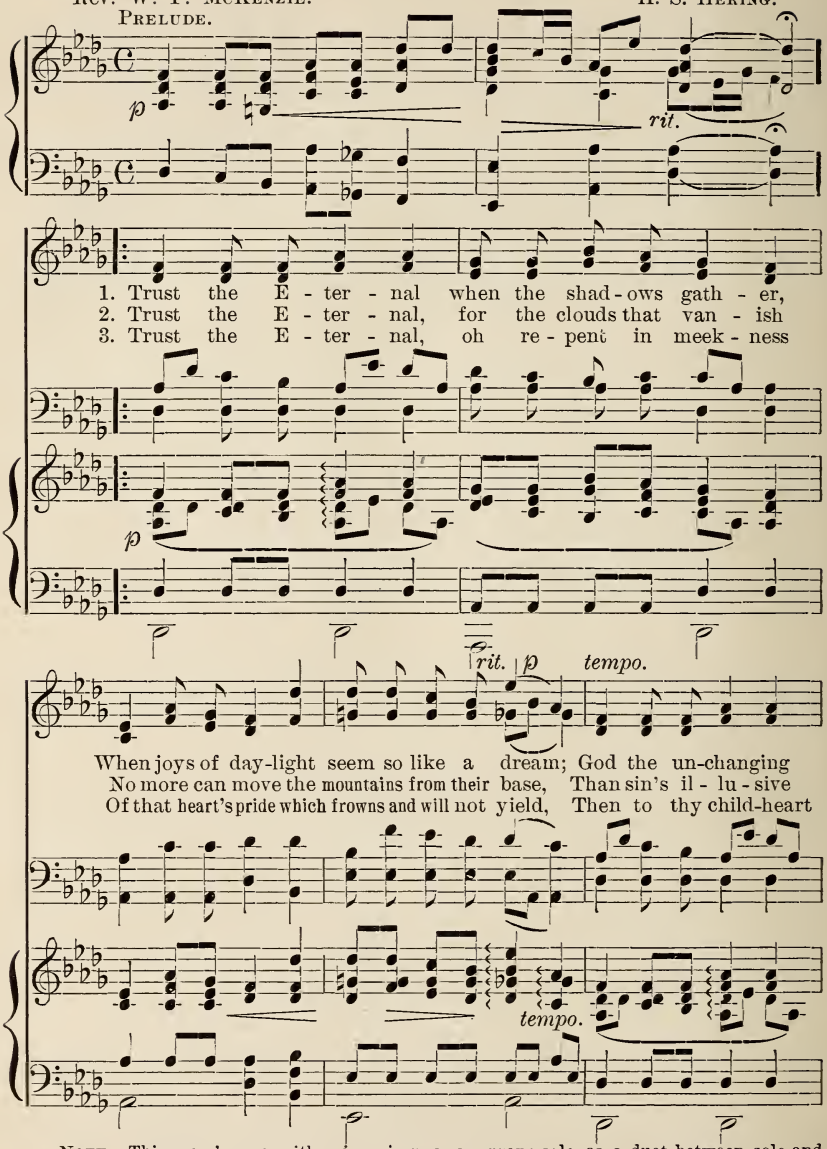
Grant now Thy grace and fa - vor, While we Thy prais-es sing!
By sin and dark-ness sink in death, Nor reach our heav'nly home.
To see Thy Spir-it's ho - ly light, And feel ce - les - tial fire!
Give us to think as an-gels think, And feel as an - gels feel.

Come, Sav - iour, come, and give Thy Spir - it course,

O feed us now and ev - ermore, from Love's e - ter - nal source!

118. Trust the Eternal.

Rev. W. P. McKenzie. H. S. Hering.



Note. This may be sung either in unison, as a soprano solo, as a duet between solo and tenor, or as a quartet with or without accompaniment.

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Trust the Eternal.

mf *rit.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

pit - ies like a fa - ther, Trust on and wait, the day-star yet will gleam.
wreaths of mist can ban-ish Light from His throne or loving from His face.
shall come strength in weakness, And thine immortal life shall be re - vealed.

mf *rit.* *p* *rit.* *pp*

119. Yes, God is Good.

C. E. Willing.

1. Yes, God is good: in earth and sky, From ocean's depths and spreading wood,
2. The sun that keeps his trackless way, And downward pours his gold-en flood,
3. The mer-ry birds prolong the strain, Their song with ev-'ry spring renewed;
4. Yes, God is good, all na-ture says, By God's own hand with speech en-dued;

Ten thousand voi - ces seem to cry, God made us all, and God is good.
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say, In accents clear, that God is good.
And balm - y air, and fall - ing rain, Each soft - ly whispers, God is good.
And man, in loud-er notes of praise, Should sing for joy that God is good.

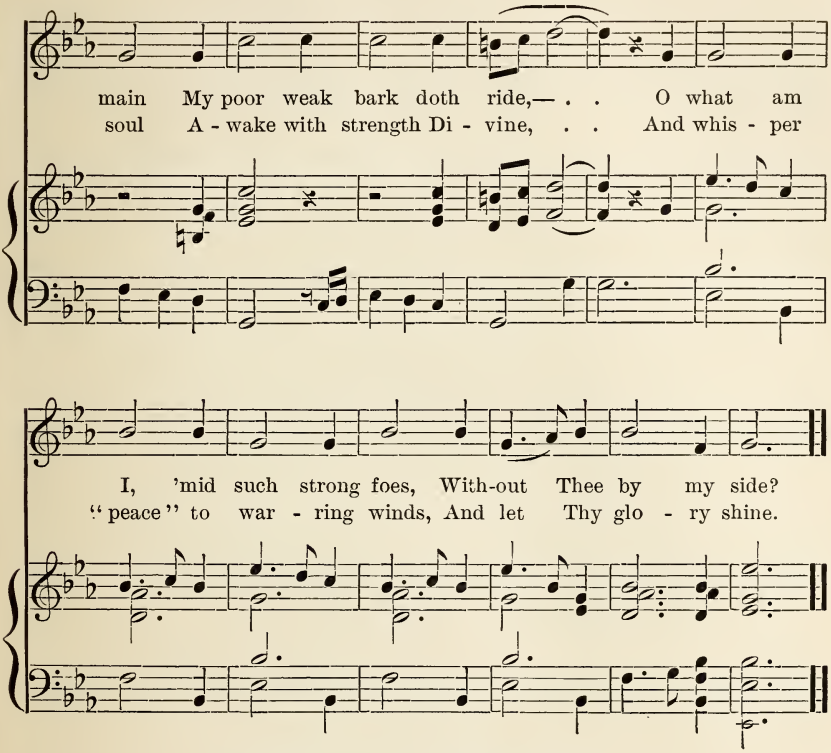
120. Dear Saviour, Stretch Thy Loving Arms.

CLIFFORD SMYTH. Rev. JULIAN K. SMYTH.

1. Dear Sav - iour, stretch Thy lov - ing arms A - bove the storm-y sea, . . Where, tossed 'mid dark and an - gry waves, The mar-in - er calls to Thee. . . Up - on that fierce and an - gry

2. Oh, as Thou didst on Gal - i - lee The wa - ters calm at will, . . When tor - rents raised by e - vil breath The sink - ing ship did fill: . . So now in my storm-sha - ken

Dear Saviour, Stretch Thy Loving Arms.



3 Be Thou my pilot through the mists
And storms that darkly rise,
As o'er life's vast and dangerous sea
My frail bark lightly flies.
With Thee my soul securely rests
From evil's blight restored ;
And isles of green and fragrant seas
Bring peace and sweet reward.

4 No hand but Thine can safely guide
The wearied mariner ;
No love but Thine can solace bring,—
O Christ, sweet Comforter !
Now trusting in Thy tender care
We fear no dark unrest,—
Life's storms are passed ; our troubled souls
Lie pillowed on Thy breast.

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121. Let the Children Sing of Jesus.

E. A. Singleton.

1. Let the chil - dren sing of Je - sus, In a man - ger low,
2. Let the chil - dren sing of Je - sus, Hum-ble lit - tle Child,
3. Let the chil - dren sing how Je - sus Blessed them in His arm,

He who came His word to teach us, Seeds of love to sow.
How He grew in love and kind - ness, Spir - it meek and mild.
Let us do His ev - 'ry bid - ding, He will save from harm.

Sing, O sing the won-drous sto - ry, Sing to Je - sus high-est praise;

Crown, O crown Him King of glo - ry, Now the song up - raise.

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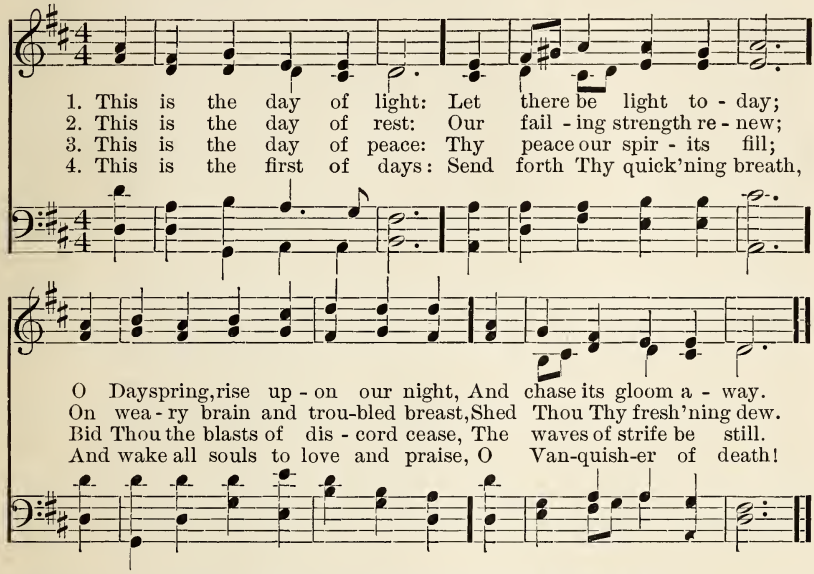
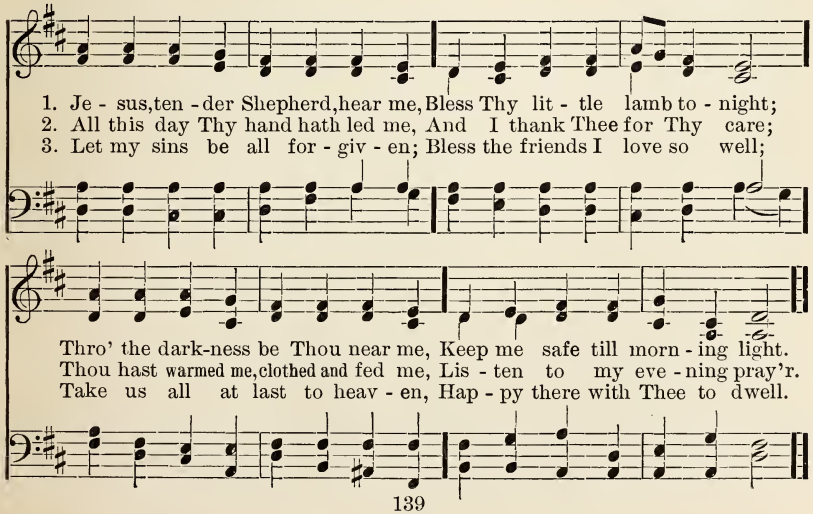
122. This is the Day of Light.

Rev. John Ellerton. German.



123. Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

M. Duncan. J. Stainer.



124. When his Salvation Bringing.

Rev. John King. Berthold Tours.

1. When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil-dren still,
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re-deem-er's praise,

The chil-dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name;
Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'nly hill,
The stones, our si - lence sham-ing, Would their Ho - san- nas raise.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a-round His ban - ner Who sits up - on His throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da- vid's roy - al Son!"
No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.

125. Now Rest, Ye Pilgrim Host.

R. W. Raymond. ANNIVERSARY. W. W. Gilchrist.

1. Now rest, ye pil - grim host, . Look back up - on your way,
2. How ma - ny at His call . Have part - ed from our throng!
3. The ban - ners they up - bore. . Our hands still lift on high;

The mountains climbed, the tor - rents crossed, Through many a wea - ry day.
They watch us from the crys - tal wall, And ech - o back our song.
The Lord they fol-lowed, ev - er - more To us is al - so nigh.

From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,
They rest, be - yond com-plaints, Be - yond all sighs and tears:
And He, whose host is one Throughout the count-less spheres,

How fair the past ap - pears,
Be-yond all sighs and tears:
Throughout the count - less spheres,

God's grace and glo - ry shin - ing bright On all the by - gone years.
Praise be to God for all His saints Who wrought in by - gone years.
Will guide His marching ser-vants on Through ev - er- last - ing years.

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126. O Bread to Pilgrims Given.

JOSIAH CONDER. W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. O bread to pil - grims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat,
2. O wa - ter, life - be - stow - ing, Forth from the Sav - iour's heart,
3. Je - sus, this feast re - ceiv - ing, We Thee un - seen a - dore;

O man - na sent from heav - en, For heaven-born na - tures meet;
A foun - tain pure - ly flow - ing, Of truth and love Thou art:
Thy faith - ful word be - liev - ing, We take, and doubt no more:

Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till rich - ly filled;
O let us, free - ly tast - ing, Our burn - ing thirst as - suage;
Give us, Thou true and lov - ing, On earth to live in Thee;

Till earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is stilled.
Thy sweet-ness, nev - er wast- ing, A - vails from age to age.
Then, death the veil re - mov - ing, Thy glo - rious face to see.

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127. Who Trusts in God.

Rev. Joachim Magdeburg, 1572. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Who trusts in God, a strong a-bode In heav'n and earth pos-sess - es ;
2. Though tri - als sore be - set our path, And world-ly scorn as - sail us,
3. In all the strife of mor - tal life Our feet shall stand se - cure -ly ;

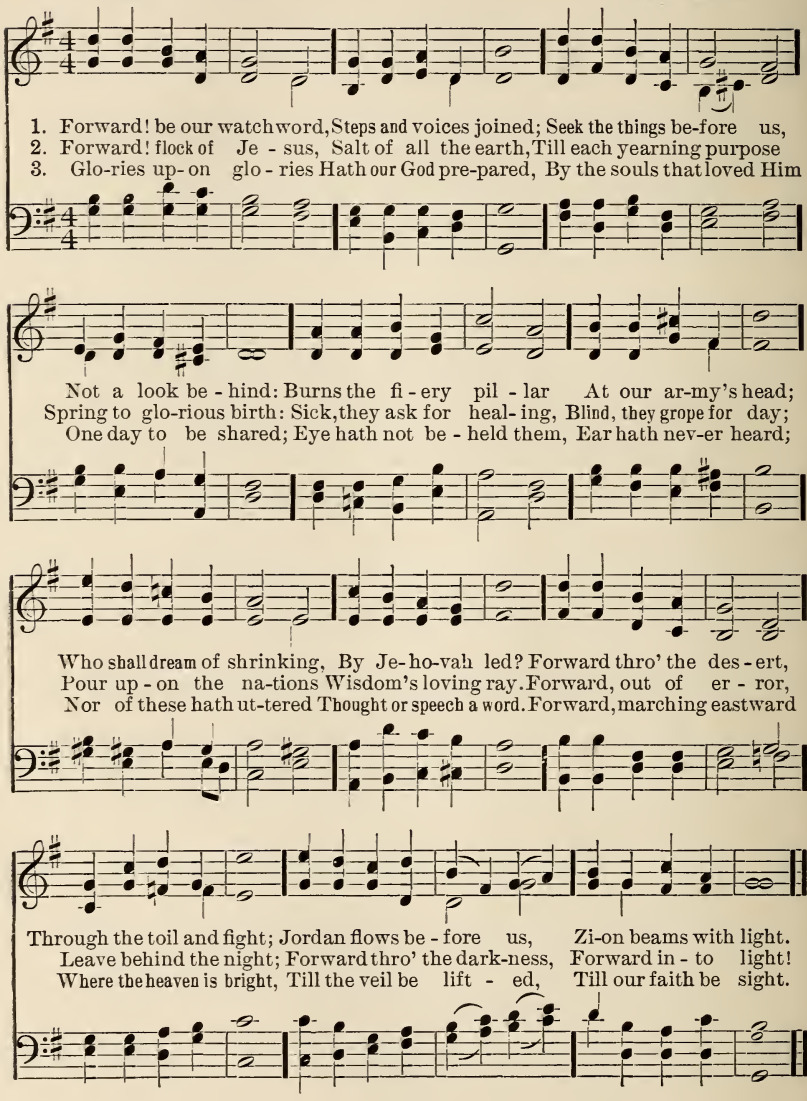
Who looks in love to Christ a-bove, No fear his heart op - press-es.
While Thou art near we will not fear, Thy strength shall never fail us :
Temp- ta-tion's hour shall lose its pow'r, For Thou shalt guard us sure - ly.

In Thee a - lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con- so - la - tion ;
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe, And guide our steps for-ev - er ;
O God, re - new, with heav'n-ly dew, Our bod - y, soul, and spir- it,

Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va- tion.
Nor shades of death, nor hell be-neath, Our souls from Thee shall sever.
Un - til we stand at Thy right hand, And love and joy in - her - it.

128. Forward! Be Our Watchword.

Rev. Henry Alford. Henry Smart.



129. Roll Out, O Song to God.

Rev. Frank Sewall. Rev. Julian K. Smyth.

1. Roll out, O song to God! Move on, ye throngs of men!
2. Down in the darksome ways And wor-rying whirl of life
3. A - mid the weak, One strong, A - mid the false, One true,

Chan - ces and chan-ges come and go; God chang-eth not! A - men.
Sinks, like a strain of ves - per-song, The thought of His great strife;
A - mid all change, One changing not,—One hope we ne'er shall rue.

And on the throngs of men, On wor - rying care and strife,
Who of the Vir - gin born, Made all our chains His own,
In whose sight all is now, In whose love all is best:

Sinks down, as if from an- gel tongues, The word of hope and life.
And broke them with His own right arm, Nor left us more a - lone.
The things of this world pass a - way,—Come, let us in Him rest.

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130. The God of Heaven is Pleased to See.

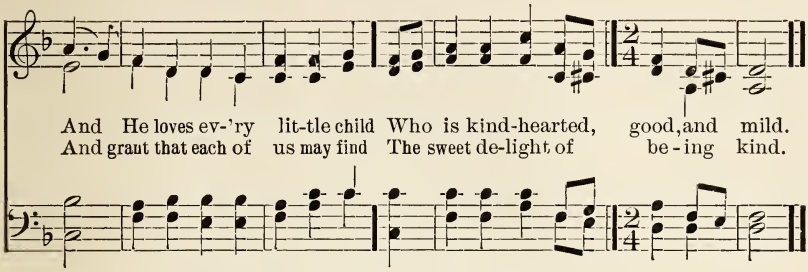
Old Melody.
Harmonized by Mrs. Clara S. Pulsifer.

1. The God of heav'n is pleased to see A lit - tle fam - i - ly a - gree; And will not slight the praise they bring
2. The gen - tle child that tries to please, And hates to quar - rel, fret, or tease, And will not say an an - gry word,—

When lov - ing chil - dren join to sing. For love and kind-ness
That child is pleas - ing to the Lord. Dear Lord, for-give when-

please Him more Than if we gave Him all our store;
ev - er we For - get Thy will and dis - a - gree;

The God of Heaven is Pleased to See.



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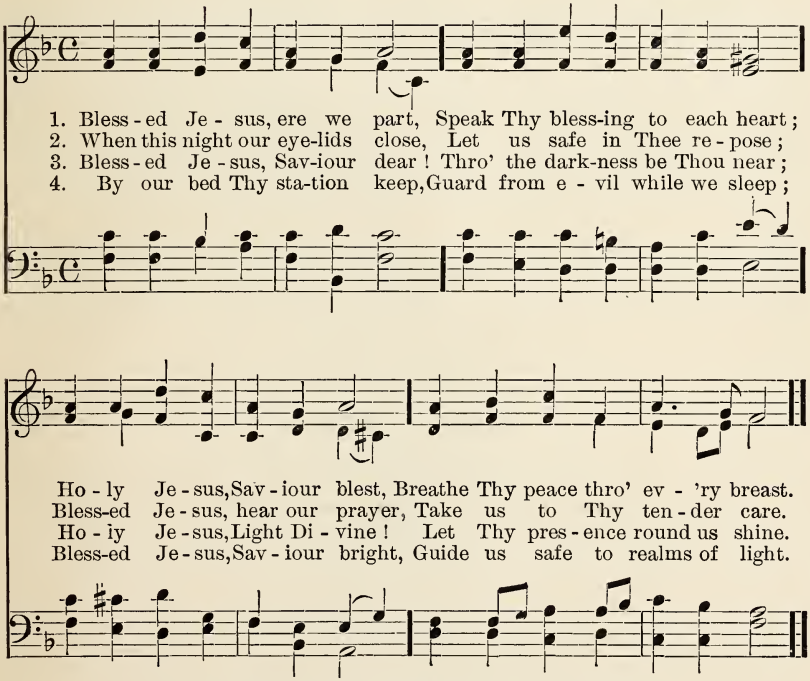
131. Blessed Jesus, ere We Part.

E. M. Zimmerman.



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132. Come, Pure Hearts, in Sweetest Measures.

R. Campbell. Rev. Frank Sewall.

1. Come, pure hearts, in sweet - est meas-ures Sing of those who spread the treas-ures

In the ho - ly Gos - pels shrined; Blessed ti - dings of sal - va - tion,

Peace on earth their proc - la-ma - tion, Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers, four, that gladden
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Lord, most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters—
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 O, that we Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy Word posessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

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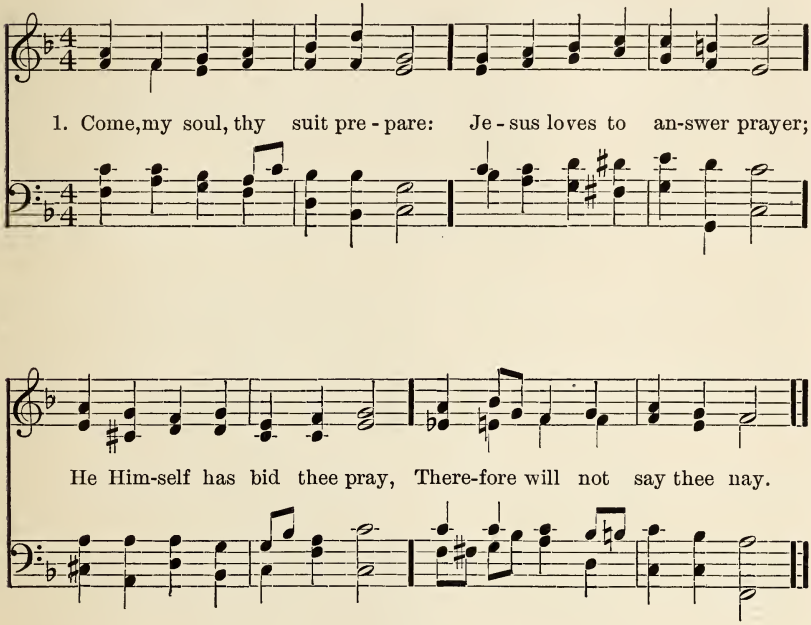
133. Come, My Soul.

Rev. John Newton. Arr. from Beethoven.



2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy loving right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

134. Father, to Us Thy Children, Humbly Kneeling.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Mendelssohn. Arr.

1. Fa - ther, to us Thy chil - dren, hum - bly kneel - ing,
2. That we may con - quer base de - sire and pas - sion,
3. Let all Thy good - ness by our minds be seen,

Con - scious of weak - ness, ig-norance, sin, and shame,
That we may rise from self - ish thought and will,
Let all Thy mer - cy on our souls be sealed:

Give such a force of ho - ly thought and feel - ing,
O'er - come the world's al - lure-ment, threat, and fash - ion,
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean,

That we may live to glo - ri - fy Thy name.
Walk hum - bly, gent - ly, lean - ing on Thee still.
Oh, speak the word, Thy ser - vants shall be healed.

135. Gloria.

Rev. H. C. Hay. Anon.

To Je-sus Christ our Lord Be all the glo - ry giv - en,

For life, and truth, and grace on earth, To guide us safe to heav- en. Amen.

136. Saviour, Source of Every Blessing.

Rev. R. Robinson. Mendelssohn.

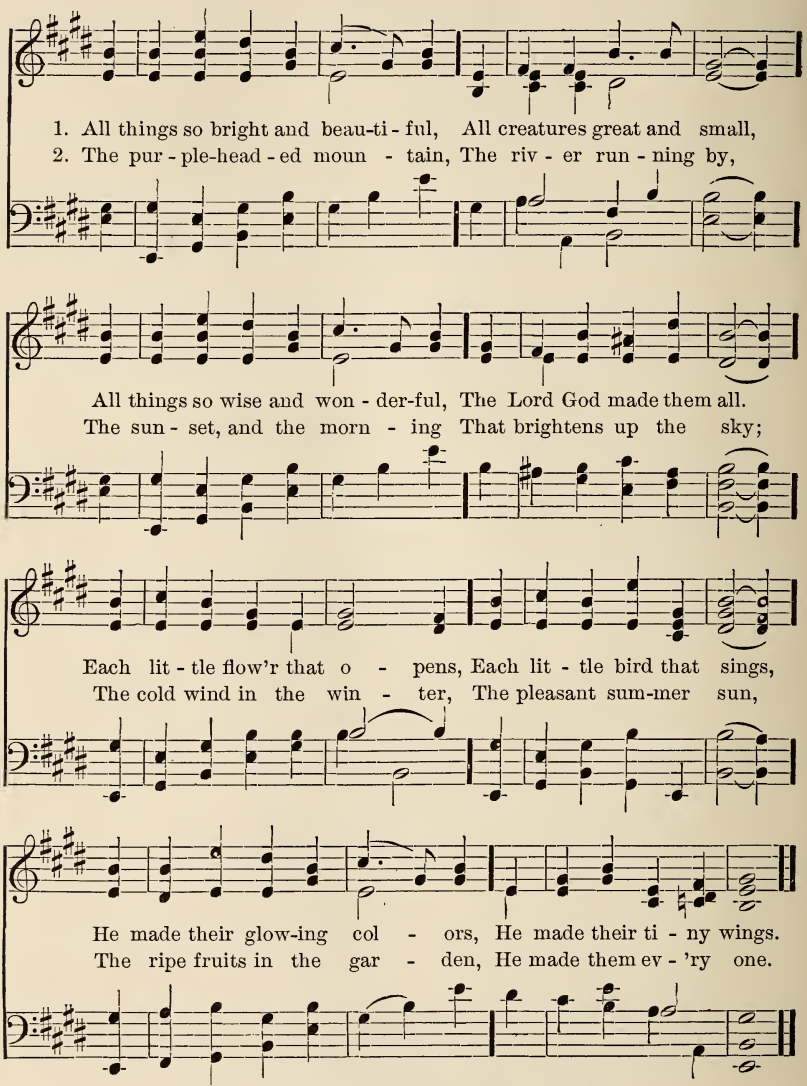
1. Saviour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;
2. Teach me some me - lo-dious measure, Sung by raptured saints a - bove;
3. Thou did'st seek me when a stran-ger, Wandering from the fold of God;
4. By Thy hand redeemed, de-fend - ed, Safe through life thus far I've come;

Streams of mer - cy nev- er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.
Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing Thy boundless love.
And, to shield my soul from dan-ger, Bore Thyself af - flic-tion's rod.
Safe, O Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heavenly home.

137. All Things So Bright and Beautiful.

FLOWER DAY.

C. F. Alexander. W. W. Gilchrist.



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138. The Alder by the River.

FLOWER DAY.

CELIA THAXTER. O. B. BROWN.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow- d'ry curls; The
2. The ver-dant grass comes creeping So soft be - neath their feet, The
3. And just as ma - ny dai - sies As their soft hands can hold, The

willow buds in sil-ver For lit-tle boys and girls. The lit -tle birds fly o - ver, And
frogs be-gin to rip-ple A mu-sic clear and sweet; And buttercups are coming, And
lit - tle ones may gather All fair in white and gold; Here blows the warm red clover, There

oh, how sweet they sing! To tell the happy children That once a - gain 'tis spring.
scar-let col-um - bine, And in the sunny meadows The dan-de - li-ons shine.
peeps the vio-let blue! O hap-py, happy children, God makes them all for you!

CHORUS.

Who is it brings the flowers, Adorning earth anew? 'Tis God! ah, happy children, He makes them all for you!

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139. Summer Days Once More are Coming.

FLOWER DAY.

From the German.
Rev. C. B. Brooks.

From Bellini.

1. Sum-mer days once more are com-ing, Fragrance fills the balm-y air;
2. Heav'nly love cre - a - tion bless-es, Na-ture owns its thrill-ing kiss;
3. Yes! a - mid Thy glad cre - a - tion Shall our song as - cend to Thee;

Birds are sing - ing, in-sects hum-ming, Groves are ring-ing ev - 'ry-where.
All that lives and feels con-fess - es Grate-ful - ly this hour of bliss.
And with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion, In Thy works our joy shall be!

Ting'd with sun - shine's radiant splendor, Flee - cy clouds are gold - en bright;
New-born life its hymn is rais - ing On the mead and in the grove;
This Thy world of bliss and beau-ty Ev - er - more we will en - joy;

Spring, with view-less fin - gers ten - der, Paints the blos-soms red and white.
Shall not we, too, join in prais - ing Na-ture's God, the God of Love?
And in works of child-like du - ty, All our days for Thee em-ploy.

140. All Things Beautiful and Fair.

FLOWER DAY.

E. M. ZIMMERMAN.

1. All things beau-ti - ful and fair, Earth, and sky, and balm- y air,
2. Lit-tle streams that glide a - long, Ver-dant, moss-y banks a - mong,

Sun - ny field and sha - dy grove, Gen- tly whis-per, God is love.
Shadowing forth the clouds a - bove, Soft- ly mur-mur, God is love.

Ev - 'ry tree and flow'r we pass, Ev - 'ry tuft of wav- ing grass,
He who dwelleth high in heav'n Un - to us hath all things giv'n;

Ev - 'ry spar - row, ev - 'ry dove Seem to tell us God is love.
May we, as through life we move, Ev - er feel that God is love.

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141. See the Lilies.

FLOWER DAY.

W. W. Gilchrist.

1. See the lil - ies, how they grow, And the pret - ty dai-sies;
2. See the bu - sy lit - tle bees, Hear them how they're humming;
3. Hear the breez - es, how they play Through the nod - ding flow-ers;
4. Make us like Thy gar-den, Lord, Bless the seed Thou'rt sowing;

Hear the crys - tal wa - ters flow; All are sing - ing prais-es.
Rest-ing not to take their ease, For the win - ter's com-ing.
Na-ture, look - ing blithe and gay, Sings with all her pow-ers.
May the truth from Thy good Word, In our hearts be grow-ing.

So we chil - dren, too, would sing Prais - es to our Sav-iour King.
So we'd work as well as sing, Prais - ing thus our Sav-iour King.
So we chil - dren, too, would sing Prais - es to our Sav-iour King.
So in beau - ty we would sing Prais - es to our Sav-iour King.

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142. How Dearly God Must Love Us.

FLOWER DAY.

O. B. Brown.

1. How dear - ly God must love us, And this bright world of ours,
2. He bids the sun to warm us, And light the path we tread;
3. The Bi - ble, too, He sends us, That tells how once He came,

To spread blue skies a - bove us, And deck the earth with flow'rs!
At night, lest aught should harm us, He guards our wel-come bed:
That He might save and cleanse us From guilt and sin and shame.

There's not a weed so low - ly, Nor bird that cleaves the air;
He gives our need-ful cloth - ing, He sends our dai - ly food;
Oh, may God's mercies move us To serve Him with our pow'rs,

But tells in ac-cents ho - ly, His kind-ness and His care.
His love de - nies us noth - ing His wis-dom deem-eth good.
For oh, how He must love us And this poor world of ours!

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143. To God We Lift Our Joyful Songs.

FLOWER DAY.

W. F. S. W. F. Sherwin.

1. To God we lift our joy - ful songs, And in His good-ness now rejoice;
2. All na-ture tells of boundless love, While balmy o - dors fill the air;
3. To Thee, O heav'n-ly Fa-ther, now Our grateful thanks like incense rise;

We wel-come this the day of days, With gladsome heart and cheerful voice.
The fields and woods in beauty glow, God's glo - ry shin - eth ev-'ry-where.
Still guard and guide us, till we sing A - mong the flowers of Par-a - dise.

Refrain.

Then hail! all hail, O day of flow'rs! Thy coming heav'nly joy imparts;

We min-gle with thy sweet perfume The fragrance pure of lov-ing hearts.

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144. From the Holy Heaven.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.

Words from the German. O. B. Brown.

1. From the ho - ly heav - en, where the an - gels dwell,
2. He will like a fa - ther give them dai - ly bread;

God looks down on chil - dren whom He loves so well.
To the end will keep them safe from fear and dread.

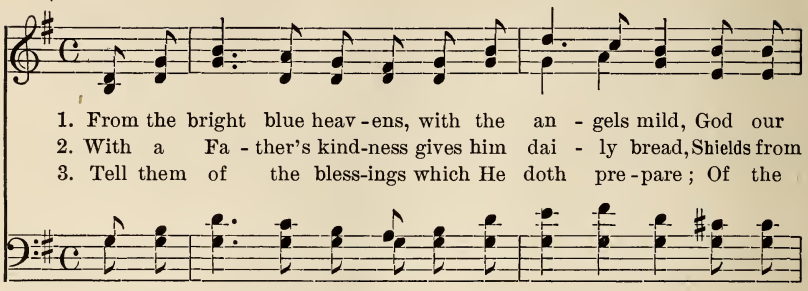
He will hear their pray - ing eith - er day or night,
All ye lit - tle chil - dren, hear the truth we tell,

And with gen - tle kind - ness guide their steps a - right.
God will ne'er for - get you, for He loves you well.

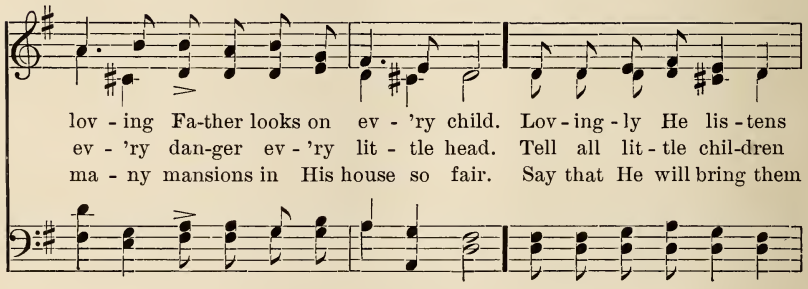
145. From the Bright Blue Heavens.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.

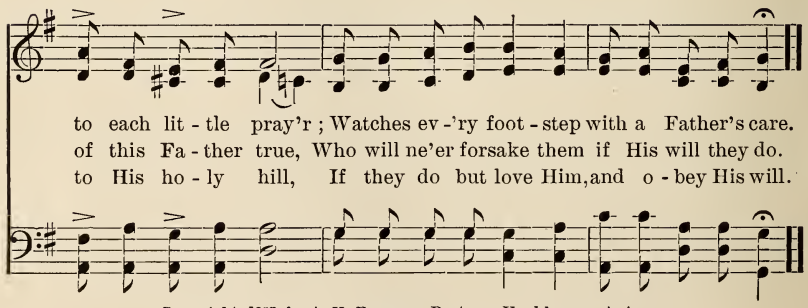
Rev. J. R. C. Reinecke. Arr. by B.



1. From the bright blue heav-ens, with the an - gels mild, God our
2. With a Fa - ther's kind-ness gives him dai - ly bread, Shields from
3. Tell them of the bless-ings which He doth pre-pare; Of the



lov - ing Fa-ther looks on ev - 'ry child. Lov-ing-ly He lis-tens
ev - 'ry dan-ger ev - 'ry lit - tle head. Tell all lit-tle chil-dren
ma - ny mansions in His house so fair. Say that He will bring them



to each lit - tle pray'r; Watches ev-'ry foot-step with a Father's care.
of this Fa - ther true, Who will ne'er forsake them if His will they do.
to His ho - ly hill, If they do but love Him, and o - bey His will.

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146. When the Little Children Sleep.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.

CARL REINECKE. Arr. by B.

1. When the lit - tle chil - dren sleep, Lit - tle stars are wak - ing;
2. When the lit - tle chil - dren wake, Lit - tle stars are sleep - ing,

An - gels bright from heav - en come, And till morn is break - ing,
But the an - gels ev - er - more Faith-ful watch are keep - ing,

They will watch the livelong night, By their beds till morning light. When the
From the ris - ing of the sun, Till their work and play are done, They will

lit - tle chil - dren sleep, Stars and an - gels watch do keep.
guard them one and all, Lest they go a - stray or fall.

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147. Jesus, Thy Great Power We Know.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock. C. R. Cuff.

1. Je - sus, Thy great pow'r we know; Thou didst come to us be - low,
2. May we grow from day to day, Glad to learn each ho - ly way,
3. May our tho'ts be un - de - filed, May our words be true and mild,
4. May we ev - er try to be From our sin - ful tem-pers free,

And Thy love for chil - dren show: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
Ev - er read - y to o - bey: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
Make us each a ho - ly child: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
Pure and gen - tle, Lord, like Thee: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!

148. See the Shining Dewdrops.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.

German.

1. See the shin - ing dew - drops, On the flow - ers strewed,
2. See the morn - ing sun - beams, Light - ing up the wood,
3. Hear the moun - tain stream - let, In its sol - i - tude,
4. In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude,
5. Bring, my heart, thy trib - ute, Songs of grat - i - tude,

See the Shining Dewdrops.

First four verses.

Prov - ing as they spar - kle, "God is ev - er good."
Si - lent - ly pro-claim - ing, "God is ev - er good."
With its rip - ple say - ing, "God is ev - er good."
Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, "God is ev - er good."
All things join to tell us, (*Omit* . . . . .)

Last verse.

"God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good."

149. Make Me, Lord, Obedient, Mild.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.

Mrs. E. Shepcole. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

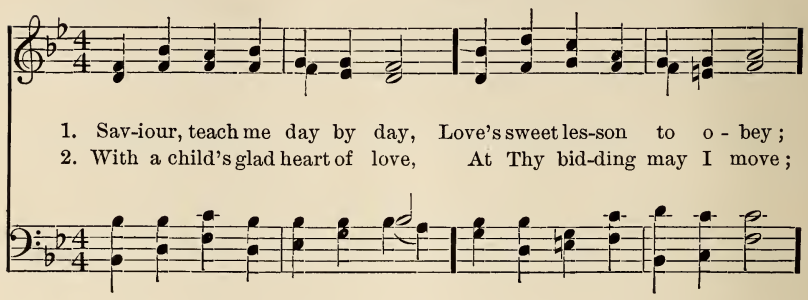
1. Make me, Lord, o - be - dient, mild, As be - comes a lit - tle child;
2. Let me nev - er speak a word That will grieve my friends, O Lord;
3. Make me, Lord, in work or play, Thine more tru - ly ev - 'ry day;

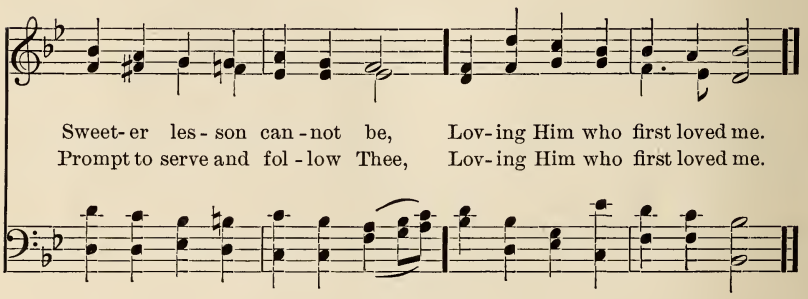
All day long in ev - 'ry way, Teach me what to do or say.
Help me so to live in love, As thine an - gels do a - bove.
And when Thou at last shalt come, Take me to Thy heav'n-ly home.

150. Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.

JANE E. LEESON. REV. FREDERICK A. J. HERVEY.





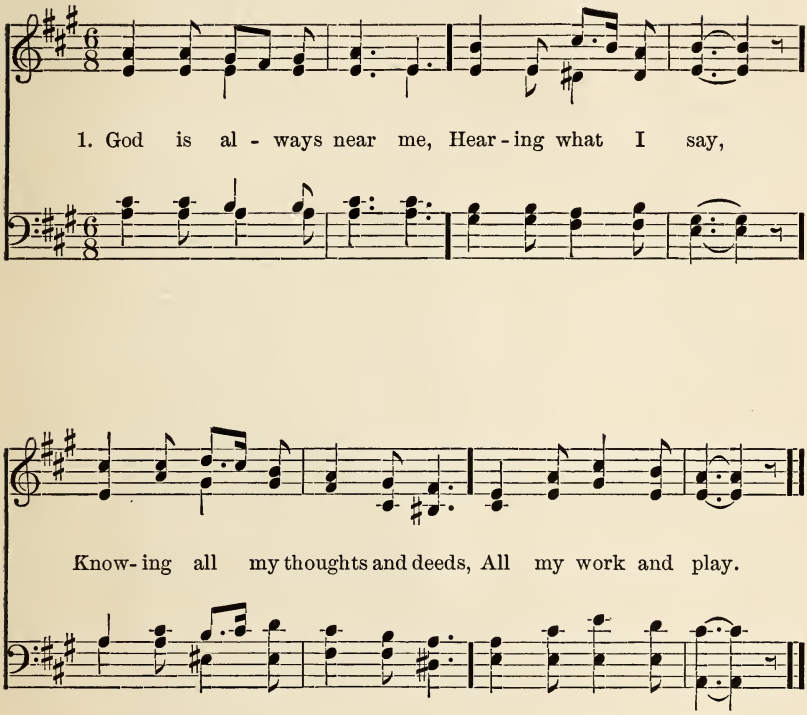
3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

151. God is Always Near Me.

FOR YOUNGEST CLASSES.



2 God is always near me,
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

3 God is always near me,
Though so young and small,
Not a look, or word, or thought
But God knows it all.

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